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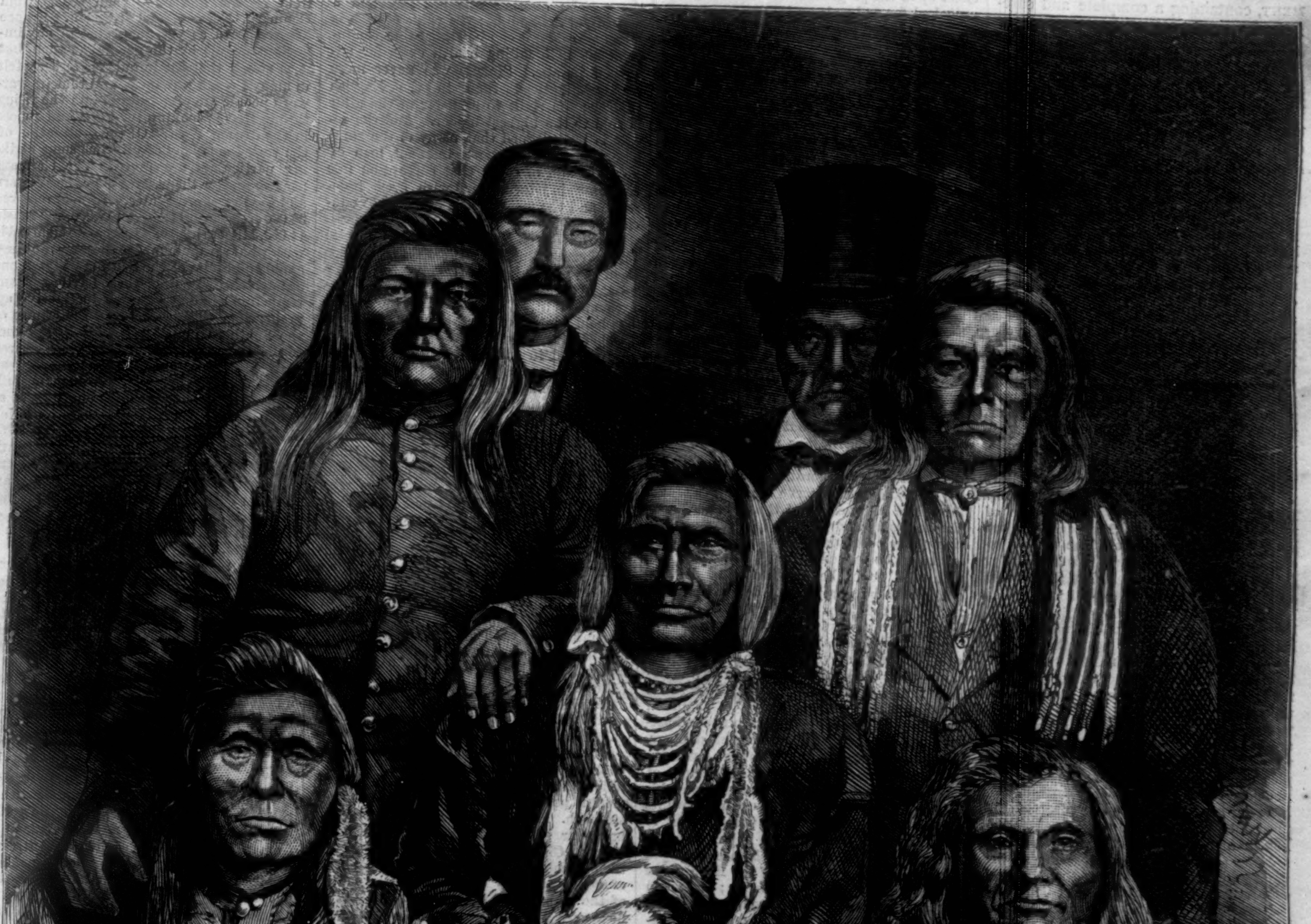

CAPTAIN JACK AND HIS COMPANIONS.—[See Page 462.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873.

CIRCULATION ABOUT 150,000.

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CHARLES FRANCIS HALL.

IT is nearly two years since Captain HALL, in the *Polaris*, set sail from the port of New York, provided by the nation with an ample outfit, to explore and penetrate the arctic regions. All that scientific care could do to insure the success of the expedition, all that his own long experience could suggest, was supplied by the liberal government. The good wishes of the nation attended him, and, unterrified by the ceaseless disasters that had befallen nearly all his predecessors, by the fate of FRANKLIN or the perils and sufferings of KANE and HAYES, the brave explorer set out, resolved to reach the northern pole or to perish in the arctic night. Yet he had no doubt of his final triumph. He was willing, he said, to pass five years in the completion of his design, and his sanguine temperament would admit of no suggestion of failure. Nor could any one have been better fitted than he was to encounter the difficulties and perils of the polar seas. Twice before, in search of the remains of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN'S expedition, he had become an inhabitant of the arctic zone, had lived in the snow huts of the natives, and had returned with more accurate information as to the fate of FRANKLIN than had been obtained by any other explorer. In his first expedition he had passed two years on the coast of Baffin Bay. On his second he was lost for five years in the midst of the arctic snows. He became familiar with all the wants and the difficulties, the pains and pleasures, of travel in the regions of perpetual cold, and when he suddenly emerged from his long concealment, to the surprise of almost all his friends, he came back full of health and ardor, planning the still more arduous achievement of surpassing all previous explorers, and carrying the flag of his country to the northern pole.

How nearly he had attained his purpose when he was stricken down by a mysterious death, how close he was to the unfolding of the secret of the polar sea, the imperfect accounts of his discoveries and his fate give no uncertain intimation. He had pressed on beyond all his rivals, except perhaps PARRY, and was on the brink of the unknown gulf which had so filled his imagination and animated him to his arduous enterprise. The *Polaris* disappeared from sight in the autumn of 1871. She had entered Smith's Strait, where MORTON and HAYES had seen the swelling waves of a northern ocean, had reached a higher latitude than either, and had found a harbor on the Greenland shores. From his ship HALL had set out on a sledge journey over the ice toward the polar sea, and had reached a latitude of 82° 16', the farthest limit attained on that coast by human energy. Something of the exultation of success must have inspired and cheered him as he completed his last journey, and he returned, it is related, hopeful and happy, to his ship and his companions. Here, in November, 1871, he is said to have died suddenly, lamented by all. He was buried amidst the snows of Greenland, in the shades of the arctic evening. Nor is it altogether unfitting that the brave traveler should sleep in the icy land he loved to enter, where FRANKLIN, HUDSON, BARENTZ, and their lost followers had perished before him.

Yet in the long history of arctic exploration, so filled with the rarest examples of extraordinary peril and endurance, there is nothing that can equal the miraculous deliverance and the protracted pains of the survivors of the crew of the *Polaris*. Not KANE, when he struggled for life along the coast of Greenland, not ROSS, PARRY, nor M'CLINTOCK, were exposed to such signal sufferings as were theirs. They were embarked on a field of ice, and torn from their ship. Their strange flotilla sailed slowly down the stormy waves of Baffin Bay, often broken in pieces by cruel tempests, and driving its crew of Esquimaux and sailors to migrate from floe to floe. Yet the fugitives kept together. Under the arctic night, often hidden in clouds, without a star, in terrible cold, feeding on the stray seal or bears that fell in their way, warmed only by a house of snow, sometimes shelterless and washed by the icy waves, for nearly seven months the voyagers have been sailing onward to the Atlantic. When the account of their trials is written it will form the most wonderful of all voyages. The coast of Labrador never witnessed so marvelous a preservation. Nor will the expedition of the *Polaris* be without a lasting effect upon the progress of science. Sad and unlooked for as has been its disastrous termination, it has yet enlarged the bounds of human knowledge. The name of its brave leader must be given to the extreme limit of northern discovery, and the immortality he sought for he has no doubt won. Much useful light will be shed upon the nature and productions of the highest polar regions. Should the *Polaris* return, we may have seeds, flowers, or shells gathered near the beach of the polar sea, or may be told that that famous ocean is only a myth of too enthusiastic navigators, the happy islands of the north. We may be forced to abandon forever the sublime speculation of a warm waste of water surrounding the pole, filled with islands and pastures, a flock of birds, seal, and walrus of uncounted numbers, tenanted by a hardy race who have never felt the vices of civilization, or we may be incited to new interest by a confirmation of the visions of HAYES and KANE.

Whatever be the fate of Captain HALL'S expedition, his valor and enterprise have done honor to his country and his race. He has achieved much that he desired or intended, and his life has not been in vain. It may appear to some that his unfortunate death and the extraordinary adventures of his companions may serve to check the rage for arctic discovery, and that the seal and the walrus will now be left in secure possession of their forbidding solitudes. But this is not to be looked for. The curiosity of man will never be satisfied until it has opened the polar mystery. It has been noticed that the pains and disasters of one explorer have always excited the ardor of a throng of followers. The death of BARENTZ or of HUDSON served only to increase the passion for discovery; and when it was believed that FRANKLIN was perishing in an icy prison, the gallant sailors of England, France, and the United States joined in hastening to his rescue and sharing his dangers. The example and the lessons of our American leader will serve to lighten the sufferings of all future explorers. His writings and his life have thrown new light upon the wants of the arctic traveler. He was the first to prove that the arctic region might be made tolerable and healthful by the use of proper food; that the snow hut of the Esquimaux may be made a comfortable home; and when the last barrier shall have been broken down that hides the polar secret, it will be admitted that no small share of the honor of the discovery is due to the persistent courage of CHARLES FRANCIS HALL.

THE NON-CONFORMISTS AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

THE vigorous assault which the various Dissenting bodies in England are making upon the Established Church must at least produce some lasting results. Mr. MIALL, the leader of the non-conformists in Parliament, has summed up in his able addresses the causes of the popular complaints; the simony, tyranny, and selfishness of the ruling clergy; their contempt for justice, their enormous and extraordinary political power. But it is their recent seizure of the chief control of the new educational system that has excited the strongest displeasure of their Dissenting opponents. By some dextrous management, or by the disloyalty of Mr. FORSTER to his constituents, the payment of fees to denominational schools has been chiefly beneficial to the English and the Roman Catholic churches; the Dissenters find themselves misled and deceived; they discover that the whole control of the national education has fallen into the hands of their enemies, and that, instead of a public system of instruction free from political or religious tendencies, the national schools are often employed to propagate extreme Anglicanism, or even to inculcate the doctrines of papal infallibility.

The result of this discovery has been a new effort on the part of the majority of the people to throw off the tyranny of a ruling church, and to place all religious sects in England upon the same footing, to break up the union of church and state, and to borrow from us that notion of religious equality which seems so extraordinary to the European intellect. The fall of the Irish Church at the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE and his Irish allies has given a severe shock to the notion that the English Church is invulnerable. The keen scrutiny of Mr. MIALL and his associates, in or out of Parliament, has been turned anew upon the abuses of the establishment, and such a host of follies or of crimes have been laid bare to the public as may well startle even the devout Anglican. The cure of souls, it seems, is made a subject of common speculation. The sale of livings or appointments to churches is a lucrative branch of the business of the auctioneer. The attractions of the rural parish to be disposed of are enhanced by all the arts of trade. It is sometimes praised for its healthfulness, sometimes for its agreeable society. One living was extolled because there were no poor in the parish; another was not far from a meeting of fox-hounds; the value of each is increased when it can be stated that the incumbent is in failing health or is far advanced in age. Simony was never more openly practiced than in the English Church; the right to minister at the altar is sold to the highest bidder. And the result is not escaped that many of the rural clergy are fox-hunters, indolent, men of pleasure and of ease; that corruption fills the Church, joined often with gross ignorance and the most absurd hostility to education.

The *Edinburgh Review* pleads for a respite for the establishment, and claims that it has been the chief agent in teaching the people what little they know. But its arguments are amply refuted by the fact that the Church has held control of education for centuries, and has left a majority of the working classes of England in a condition scarcely raised above the brute. In Norway, Denmark, Germany, or Holland few persons are left uneducated; in prosperous England nearly half the population can neither read nor write. It is the people of the country who are now rising against the Church. Public meetings, lectures, and political leagues are assailing the venerable centre of conservatism with ceaseless blows. Mr. MIALL possesses a clear and vigorous intellect that never misses its aim; his arguments are irresistible, and his facts of startling significance. The non-conformists point to the management of religious affairs in America as their true model, and contrast the flourishing condition of education and the prosperity of all religious denominations with us, and the intense ignorance and sectarian bitterness of their native land. It seems the venerable establishment, in its decaying age, has grown more than ever petulant, and would still exclude Dissenters from burial in what it calls the only consecrated ground.

But a church that envelops itself in the pride of isolation and looks down upon its fellow-Christians has evidently declined in mental power, and has lost the element of strength. Humility is the single virtue that has ever marked religious progress. The English Churchmen—at least a portion of them—make no claim to the saving grace of modesty. They have grasped the control of the majority of the public schools, with no regard to the desires of the community, and they repel scornfully all the friendly advances of other religious sects. Had they long ago thrown open their doors to the descendants of BAXTER or of KNOX, had they strengthened the establishment by soothing the patient Dissenters with partial concessions and timely reforms, they might have prolonged their power and avoided a sudden fall. But they have chosen to linger in dull conservatism; the intellect of the nation is passing over to the Dissenters; all the bright gleams of progress come from without the Church; reform, education, the softening of a rigid creed, the restrictions of too stringent rites, have been forced upon the ruling hierarchy. And should the English Church persist in allying itself with the Church of Rome in opposing the non-sectarian schools, it will probably soon fall before the indignation of the people and the skillful assaults of Mr. MIALL.

EMIGRATION AND THE EMIGRANT COMMISSIONERS.

THE wave of emigration has once more risen to an extraordinary height, and the various European races are pouring in upon us in unexampled numbers. Spring is the favorite season of migration. Then the German, in the villages of Hanover, Prussia, and Saxony, the Swiss, in his secluded valleys, the Bohemian and the Italian, Scandinavian or Celt, gathers up his family possessions, his wife and children, makes his way to the western sea-ports of Europe, and helps to swell the enormous throng that scatters itself over the American territory. It is noticed as a common trait of this passion for emigration that whenever it has invaded any particular neighborhood, it spreads like an infection. In Switzerland, according to the *Swiss Times*, the question of emigration is become of national importance. The government of Glarus has been requested to purchase a large tract of land in America, to be sold to its people, and the plan was to be submitted to the popular vote. From a single Grison village fifty persons, with a property of 10,000 francs, had left for the New World. Even landlocked Bohemia gives forth its yearly stream of emigration; and the immense army of migratory Germans, unchecked by the opposition of the imperial government and the stringent laws against expatriation, already exceeds the wandering hosts of all other nations in numbers, wealth, and intelligence.

During the past year nearly 300,000 European settlers entered the port of New York. Of these, 120,000 came from the German empire, 36,000 from England, 66,000 from Ireland, and more than 20,000 from Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. France has remained as yet unaffected in any important degree by the general passion, but it is stated that the impulse is already felt in many French provinces, and that its war-worn people are preparing to join the rising throng that is looking for hope and repose in the distant West. Of the destination of the varied company of pilgrims some striking particulars are given. The Germans usually scatter themselves over the Western and Northwestern States. Illinois received 36,000 emigrants, Michigan 12,000, Wisconsin 14,000, Missouri 5000. But it is remarkable with what scrupulous care the emigrant host avoid the limits of the Southern States, and are driven away from their fertile soil and temperate climate by some instinctive apprehension. The follies and the crimes of the Southern political leaders have closed to their people the abundant sources of prosperity that have made the wealth and greatness of the imperial West. To Alabama only 58 persons went, to Arkansas only 27, of all the emigrant throng that landed at New York. Florida attracted 63, Louisiana 365, Texas 235. Nor, it is plain, can the Southern States ever hope to share in the general prosperity of the nation until they have checked with an unrelenting hand the rule of lawless men, and made every portion of their fertile territory as safe as Michigan or Minnesota.

To welcome the annual host of strangers that enter its harbor the State of New York has provided the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, whose duty it is to watch over the unprotected foreigner, to save him from the rapacity of the lodging-house keeper and the extortioner, the thieves and the cheats, who await his coming, to insure him a peaceful resting-place at his first landing, and to provide relief for the sick, the aged, and the starving. So noble an institution as this can be found in no other country, nor is it possible to rate too highly the valuable services it has rendered to the foreigners who have sought our shores. Recently the board has been controlled by unworthy influences; its funds, which are made up from a small tax on each emigrant, have been mismanaged, its resources have been wasted, and its reputation impaired. The people will expect from the new Board of Commissioners a thorough reform of all the past abuses. Every official should be removed who is believed to have shared in the recent corruptions. A new superintendent is imperatively required. This office should be filled by a person of undoubted honesty, and one who has never been suspected of any dependence upon the faction which has just been driven from power. The new Commissioners have indeed a duty to perform in which the whole country is interested. They are to restore the reputation of that board which presides over the welfare of the emigrant, and to assure him that every official with whom he has to deal is honestly devoted to his service. Their conduct will be watched by the people with most jealous care. The prosperity and honor of the city and the country depend upon their faithfulness and zeal. And we believe the State of New York is resolved that for the future no political or sectarian influences, no coarse and careless mismanagement, no gross neglect or secret frauds, shall impair the value of one of its noblest institutions.

Most imposing, indeed, is the spectacle of the vast host of labor that come hopefully to us from across the ocean, bearing the promise of unbounded prosperity to every portion of the Union. A new nation is created for us every year. Unsolicited, though not uninvited, the valuable guests bring to our shores the richest offerings of peace. Nor does there seem any limit to their numbers. The three hundred thousand that entered the port of New York in 1872 may within a few years be swelled to half a mill-

ion. All Europe is agitated by the impulse of emigration; and painful as have been our past sacrifices in the cause of union, difficult as may be that career of reform upon which we have entered, we have our reward in the consciousness that we have won the confidence of the industrious and the honest of every land.

GOVERNMENT AID TO RAILWAYS.

The question whether it is advisable for governments to lend aid to the construction of railways has risen up anew before the people, and will be discussed every where with growing interest. With us the practice, at least, is already settled by long usage. But for the aid of our State or national governments we should have been left almost wholly without any means of internal communication. The Erie Canal was built at the cost of the State of New York, and afforded for many years the only outlet for the transportation of the products of the West to the sea. And the great prosperity that soon attended all the States and Territories along the borders of the lakes was due in no small degree to the prudent foresight of its projectors. Of the various railways that have since helped to swell the tide of emigration to the more distant settlements there are few that have not been aided in their early embarrassments by the resources of the whole community. The Erie Railway has received large sums from the State. The Illinois Central was enriched by a liberal gift of the public lands. The Pacific Railway could never have been built without the support of the national government. The rapid progress of the Northern Pacific is sustained by a liberal endowment from the national domain. Almost every State has given aid to its own railways and canals, and Massachusetts alone has recently expended $12,000,000 in providing a shorter route for its Western lines, and opening an easy access to the growing commerce of the interior.

Nor, we believe, would any one contend that these outlays have been injudicious, or that they have not been repaid tenfold in the rising prosperity of the country. Badly managed as have been most of our railway lines; built upon credit at an enormous cost, and thrown upon the stock-market to become the prey of speculators and the sport of idle rumors or just suspicions; covered with corruption as they have so often been—they have yet proved of infinite benefit to the whole community, have given its enormous progress to the wide Northwest, and laid the foundations of the gradual improvement of the South. The most prosperous cities of the West are little more than railway dépôts, and even in Georgia it is stated that the lines begun by the most speculative "carpet-baggers" have already paid for themselves in the rapid rise in value of the adjacent lands.

It remains only to be discussed, therefore, whether this system of government aid should be continued and extended; whether a new series of railways should not be at once provided to connect the Mississippi Valley with the Atlantic, or to penetrate the rich cotton districts of the South. It is not necessary that the government should take any actual control of the railways, that they should become in any sense political, or be managed by government officials. It might be quite sufficient if the government or the State should guarantee a certain fixed interest on the cost, and provide that it should never be increased or diminished. This provision would take the stock out of the realm of speculation, and make it always a secure investment. But whatever be the plan suggested or the method of relief proposed, it is certain that the national highways are too few for the wants of the people, and that it is the duty of the nation to employ all its energy and its intelligence in deciding upon the readiest and most effectual mode of binding the country together by a liberal system of internal improvement.

ULTRAMONTANE FACTIONS.

Nothing is more unwise than for the priest to assume the part of the politician, to descend to intrigues that even politicians, if they are honest, despise, and to become allied with factions that clamor for office, and labor for selfish aims. Yet such is the imprudent purpose avowed by the ultramontane clergy in Europe and America. In England Archbishop Manning is openly advocating the formation of a Roman Catholic party, and in Ohio we have bishops who urge their people to vote for none but their own instruments or allies. So indiscreet, if not so treacherous, have the ultramontanes proved in their recent attempt to drive Mr. Gladstone from power, that even the mildest of the English liberals are separating from them in disgust. They complain that the politics of England are embarrassed and distracted by the intrigues of foreign priests. They assert that the Pope and his agents control the Irish movements; that they have lashed a certain portion of the liberal majority into open hostility to its leader. It is stated that the fate of the Irish Education bill, on which Mr. Gladstone had staked the continuance of his ministry, was decided by a telegraphic message which arrived, just before the division, *from the Vatican.*

It is this close and inseparable connection between the Roman Catholic party in both hemispheres and its central head at Rome that creates the alarm of the English liberals, and may well attract the scrutiny of the people of every land. If the politics of Ireland or Iowa, of Dublin or New York, are to be guided by telegrams from the Vatican, and the public measures of independent nations are to be decided by the prejudices or the intrigues of unscrupulous priests; if the supremacy which the Pope claims over education, marriage, and every civil act that may affect the interests of his Church is to be made the foundation of party strife and ignoble quarrels in communities that might otherwise live in prosperous peace; if ultramontanism is to bring discord to every land—it will excite so general a disgust as to destroy forever its own pretension to toleration, and justify the severest restrictions of Germany or Switzerland. Already the English liberal journals urge their party to separate itself at once from its ultramontane allies. They demand that the attempt of the Vatican to control the politics of England be checked with rigorous decision. They suggest that England will at last be forced to follow the examples of the Continental nations, and repress the Roman Catholic faction by asserting the independence of the nation against the claims of Rome, and of civil liberty against the arts of an active priesthood.

That telegrams from Rome have been employed to influence our own internal differences—that ultramontane bishops have openly declared their resolution to control the politics of the republic in accordance with the decrees of the Vatican, no one doubts. It was an ultramontane print in the heart of the West that nominated the opposition candidate for the Presidency; it was the ultramontane vote that kept alive the hopes of the Ku-Klux. One ultramontane prelate forbids his people to vote for any one who will not aid the policy of the Vatican in educational matters. One declares the person of a bishop so sacred as to be above the common restrictions of the law. All the Roman Catholic prelates concur in seizing upon the immense possessions of their Church and managing them in the interests of Rome. A M'Quaid utters gross calumnies against the common schools in the cause of ultramontanism, and an O'Hara insists upon the absolute authority of the bishop over the priest. If the liberals of England are already alarmed at the meddling of the Vatican in their national politics, still more dangerous must the pretensions of Rome seem to the people of the United States. Yet we suspect in no other country will the papal politicians receive so signal an overthrow as in our own, and that all the intelligent portion of the Roman Catholic laity will join the non-sectarian population in repelling the efforts of a Manning or a Gilmour to awaken religious tyranny and religious strife.

PERSONAL.

Bishop Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has recently returned from a visit to Mexico, and expresses the opinion that Roman Catholicism is on the decline in that country, and Protestantism proportionately on the advance. The bishop has bought one of the buildings of the Convent of San Domingo, at Puebla, for $10,000, to be used for mission work by the Methodist Church. It is a large and gloomy building, once the seat of the Inquisition. In the massive walls are seen the small cells where the condemned were walled up and left to perish. Several skeletons are preserved, the memorials of their fate. It is a strange yet not inappropriate spot for a Protestant church.

—One of the most recent discoveries is that of iron suspension-bridges in the west of China. The river Tahô is spanned by an elegant iron chain suspension-bridge, built upon massive stone buttresses. Planks are laid over the chains, covered with earth and straw. Many remains of similar bridges are found in Western China, we are told by Dr. Anderson. These bridges have been used for centuries, but the art of building them seems to have passed away. The idea has renewed itself among the Western barbarians.

—The continued illness of the Pope, added to his great age and general infirmity of body, renders his demise an event to be looked for at any moment. Preparations are already made at the Vatican for the election of his successor. There is a building belonging to the canons of St. Peter's, immediately behind the sacristy of the cathedral, and within the precincts of the Vatican, in which it has been decided that the conclave shall be held. It consists of a large hall surrounded by small apartments, which can be fitted up at little cost for about forty cardinals and their secretaries. There are at present forty-five cardinals in all, and of these thirty-six at most would be able to take part in the conclave, as the rest are too old and infirm to make a long journey. It is the general belief in the Vatican that the Jesuit candidates, Riario Sforza and Panebianco, have but little chance of success. Public opinion at Rome is in favor of a cardinal of moderate and liberal opinions, such as Morichini, De Silvestri, or Di Pietro; while some advocate the election of a very old cardinal, such as De Angelis, whose short reign would leave time for deciding as to the future policy of the Papacy after affairs have settled down a little in Europe, and especially in France. It is also reported that Monsignor Chigi, the Papal Nuncio at Versailles, has asked M. Thiers whether, in case a revolution should break out in Rome on the Pope's death, the cardinals would be permitted to select Avignon, or some other place in France, for holding their conclave. To this M. Thiers replied in the negative, alleging as the ground of his refusal that if a schism should be produced in the Church by such a proceeding, this might involve France in unpleasant complications.

—An anecdote is preserved of the late Chief Justice that does him high honor. When in his youth Mr. Chase came to New York he was employed by a school-master, Mr. Plomley, to aid him in his school. As years passed away, the teacher fell into poverty, and the assistant was made Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Harper, anxious to aid Plomley, suggested to him that he could now obtain an office in the Custom-house, and wrote for him an application. Plomley went to the Post-office to deposit the letter, but, upon inquiring before he had mailed it, found one there for himself from Washington. It was from Secretary Chase. The Secretary had remembered his old friend and benefactor, and now wrote to him offering him any place he might wish in the New York Custom-house. Plomley obtained a lucrative situation, and was convinced that gratitude was not banished from the earth.

—It is stated that Mr. Wilkie Collins has agreed to make his first appearance in Boston, where he will read an original story, on his arrival in this country next August. Apropos to this we may mention the great success achieved in that city by Miss Carlotta Le Clercq as Mercy Merrick, in the play of *The New Magdalen*, dramatized for her by Mr. Collins from his novel of the same title, which for several months past has fascinated the readers of *Harper's Magazine*. In this connection the following extract from a letter written by the distinguished novelist to Miss Le Clercq will interest our readers:

"If you are threatened with competition on the part of the stealers of plays, let the public know that I have reserved scenes and effects for the author's own dramatic version which are not to be found in the novel. I finished the play before I finished the published story. While the prologue and the first act follow that published story closely, the second act (at the end) departs from it altogether, and contains an entirely new situation. The third and last act also presents scenes and effects which have been purposely altered and varied in the novel. Thanks to these precautions, the thieves who may plunder me successfully at the beginning of the story will be quite unable to snatch the latter half of it. The one complete version of *The New Magdalen* to be seen in America is the version which I have confided to your care.
"London, *April* 19, 1873. Wilkie Collins."

—The New York Vocal Society, whose delightful Madrigal Concerts have been among our most charming musical entertainments for many seasons past, a short time since gave a grand concert in Steinway Hall in memory of the late Dr. James L. Brown, and for the benefit of his family. The deceased was in many respects a remarkable man. From his youth extremely fond of music, and exceptionally endowed with musical talents, he turned his capabilities in this direction to account in supporting himself while studying the profession of medicine. He was an earnest student and original thinker, and at the time of his death stood at the threshold of a career which promised to be remarkable. He died too early to reap the pecuniary rewards which would have attended that career; and the Vocal Society, of which he was a prominent and honored member, and which owed much of its success to his industry and capability, took this method of showing its appreciation of his high qualities. The concert was one of the finest ever given by the society, and the pecuniary result—over $5000 above all expenses—was most gratifying. It is proper to add that no charge was made for the use of the hall in which the concert was given.

—Of the many eulogistic speeches made in the courts and other places on the death of the late Chief Justice Chase, few have the merit of eloquence or originality. Two gentlemen, however, have done justice to the subject and themselves. We allude to the admirable address of Hon. Clarkson N. Potter before the Court of Appeals at Albany, and to the felicitous remarks of Hon. S. S. Cox to the Ohioans resident in this city. Both were exceptionally good.

—Meissonier has completed a picture for the Vienna Exposition which should be an encourager to artists here and every where. The price paid for it by a wealthy member of the British Parliament is $25,000. The size of the picture (and it is one of the artist's largest works) is twenty by twenty-four inches. He is now engaged on a picture entitled "Charge de Cuirassiers," which he has sold in advance for $60,000—the largest price ever paid for a modern painting.

—Arthur Milman, a son of the late Dean Milman, has been appointed Assistant Registrar to the University of London.

—Mr. Reuter, the autocrat of European telegraphy, is a superior style of man. One of his recent telegrams to the English papers announced the following remarkable news: "During a conference General Canby has been treacherously shot and killed by a Modoc chief. Captain Jack, of the Peace Commission, has also been killed."

—Professor Newton, of Yale College, is entitled to the thanks of the clergy. After much ponderment of the subject, he has arrived at the conclusion that clergymen are so long-lived that the life-insurance companies should consider theological seminary graduates as a class, and charge them less rates than other and wickeder young folks.

—Dr. Smiles's *Self-Help*, published by the Harpers, has been translated into Japanese, and adopted as a government text-book. It ought to edify. What could be more agreeable to the rising Japanese than to know something about William Dargan on independence, of the mechanical genius of Vaucanson, of Joshua Heilmann's combing-machine, of Apollonius Pergæus and conic sections, and passages in the life of the author of that jocose work on the differential calculus? All these are full of humor and incident, and ought to be very self-helpful to those who have a Jap-an-easy way of acquiring knowledge.

—Governor Dix has appointed a worthy successor to the late Judge Verplanck, of Buffalo, whose portrait we published two weeks since. The new judge is James M. Smith. For a quarter of a century he has been known as one of the ablest lawyers of Buffalo and Western New York, and to that indispensable requisite he adds a dignity and purity of personal character that render his appointment one of the very best that could have been made.

—Bishop Morris, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was made especially happy on the evening of April 28, his seventy-ninth birthday, on which occasion his friends gathered in force at his house in Springfield, Ohio, and celebrated the event with great enthusiasm.

—Père Hyacinthe has become a father. The papers do not state whether he gushed much at the event. Mayhap he felt as Mark Twain said, when speaking of his first-born, "I can't say I love it much; nevertheless, I respect the little fellow for his father's sake."

—The rather unusual occurrence (the first certainly in this city) of an Episcopal clergyman inviting a Presbyterian to preach a funeral discourse—Dr. Tyng's asking Dr. Hall to discharge that duty at Chief Justice Chase's funeral—recalls an incident, now almost forgotten, of Dr. Milnor, the predecessor of Dr. Tyng in the rectorship of St. George's Church. Early in life Dr. Milnor was a member of Congress, and while serving in that capacity was challenged by Henry Clay to fight a duel. The honor was declined. Later in life the two gentlemen became warm personal friends.

—Mr. Henry Bergh, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, may be congratulated on having just been put in possession of the estate devised to that society by the late Louis Bonard. The property is of the best description—cash, mortgages, and productive real estate in the city. The contest in the Surrogate's Court in reference to the estate was decided a few days since, and the temporary custodian of the property has transferred the same to Mr. Bergh, the administrator. From this source alone the society will derive a net income of about eleven thousand dollars a year—an amount sufficient to enable it to do a vast amount of good.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Modocs have not yet been exterminated. A courier reaching San Francisco on the 12th inst. brought news of a severe engagement with Captain Hasbrouck's command, in which the Modocs were repulsed. The bodies of Lieutenant Cranston and his men have been recovered. The Indians have established themselves in another rocky fortress, twenty miles distant from the original hiding-place. Commissioner Breeland, after investigating the condition of the Red River Indians, reports all satisfactory.

One thousand more Chinamen arrived at San Francisco May 13.

The funeral services of the late Chief Justice Chase took place on the 12th inst., in the Senate-Chamber at Washington, with national honors. The remains were interred in the Oak Hill Cemetery.

The town of Calvert, Texas, was seriously damaged by fire May 13. The loss is estimated at $70,000.

The usury bill was voted down in the New York State Assembly on the 14th inst. The bill for the enlargement of the Champlain Canal from the lake to the Hudson River passed the same House.

The Congressional Conference meeting in St. Louis, Missouri, have adopted a series of resolutions recommending Congress to take measures for the improvement of the Mississippi Valley.

Governor Dix has signed the bill to secure "better administration in the police courts of the city of New York."

Rev. Benjamin H. Paddock, D.D., of Brooklyn, has been elected by the Episcopal Convention Bishop of Massachusetts.

William M. Tweed pleaded not guilty to fifteen new indictments on which he was arraigned on the 16th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The report of an attempt to assassinate the Emperor William while he was reviewing the Russian troops has been officially declared untrue.

The Redemptorists, Lazarists, Congregations of the Holy Ghost and Sacred Heart, and the occupants of close convents in Germany, are to be expelled from the country within the next six months.

The Russians have captured Khiva, and Abdool-Rahman has been summoned to St. Petersburg. The Khan is greatly alarmed, and has ordered a general levy among the people, to resist further approaches of the enemy.

Twenty arrests have been made at Rome for complicity in the Quirinal riots.

A Carlist conspiracy for the overthrow of the Spanish republic has been discovered in the capital, and three arrests followed. The elections for the Constituent Assembly have resulted in the choice of 310 ministerial federalists, 30 extreme radicals, 8 internationalists, 10 independent republicans, and 30 monarchists.

A republican conference held in Birmingham has passed a resolution in favor of a federal republican form of government for England.

Cuba is promised a new electoral law, by which merchants, artisans who pay seventy-five pesetas taxes, professional men, and officials shall be privileged to vote, if twenty-five years old. In a recent fierce engagement at Jimagayu the Cuban general Ignacio Agramonte was killed, and eighty of the insurgents met the same fate. One thousand Carlist prisoners were landed at Havana, May 13, to reinforce the Spanish army.

President Thiers has appointed M. Casimir-Perier Minister of the Interior, M. Tourton Minister of Public Worship, M. Béranger Minister of Public Works, and M. Waddington Minister of Public Instruction. The remainder are not changed.

The rivers of Bosnia have overflowed, causing great destruction of human life and field crops.

The glass in the western front of the Vienna Exposition building was blown in by a violent storm on the 15th inst., and several persons were injured and a quantity of goods damaged.

The Canadian House of Commons is to investigate the charges against Sir Hugh Allan in connection with the Canada Pacific Railroad.

Thirty-six houses and a large amount of other property in Ottawa, Canada, were burned up on the 16th inst.

Forty-four acres of buildings in Hong-Kong, China, were destroyed by fire March 22. Osaka, Japan, was also severely burned at about the same time, and shortly afterward was visited by two violent shocks of earthquake.

The farmers of the provinces of Jetsizeu and Prieshо, Japan, are in rebellion because the enactments against Christianity have been "taken down." Seven of them have been executed.

THE GRAVE ON THE SHORE.

The Rev. Mr. Ancient, the hero of the *Atlantic* disaster, of whom we give a portrait on this page, is a slight-built man, with brown face and hands, and a clear, full eye that looks straight into your face and knows no fear. Buried among his parishioners, three thousand miles from home, and with a sick wife, working day and night, educating the people, Christianizing, civilizing, ruling them by love, and commanding their respect, and now their admiration—for no class of people better appreciate personal bravery than the hardy fishermen—this is one man of a thousand. Not alone to his own parish does he confine his labors, but to all the neighboring districts. In his little boat, a mere cockle-shell, he puts out boldly to sea, through fog, by sunken reefs, with waves threatening, to visit his people inhabiting remote portions of the coast, and landing at some friendly cove, or walking miles to some log-hut in the woods where he may assemble a few to hear God's word.

Our readers will remember that on the afternoon of that dreadful day when the *Atlantic* went ashore, Mr. Ancient induced a crew of four men to row him out to the wreck, where the chief officer was still clinging to the rigging. His own account of the part he played in the fearful tragedy is vivid and interesting. When he reached the scene of the wreck, which took place about two miles from his house, most of the saved had been landed. He sought to find them shelter, till his attention was attracted by the man and the woman in the rigging and a boy on the wreck. He went to Mr. Ryan, the magistrate, and said, "The water is smooth enough; you can get alongside in a boat." They were then hauling the boats on the shore. "But you can not get at them when you get out there," said Mr. Ryan. "Give me a boat and some men; put me on board, and I will get them." A boat was manned, but when they neared the ship the men would not put him on board. They loved their pastor, and thought it certain death to put him on the vessel. Mr. Ancient entreated them. "John," he said to the most solicitous of the crew, "if I am doomed, I won't hold you responsible. Put me on board." While they were backing and filling, the boy fell off. They picked him up, wrapped a coat around him, and landed him.

Finally the men agreed to put Mr. Ancient on board. The ship's side was then at an angle of fifty degrees, and the fishermen express the highest admiration at their pastor's skill in climbing it. In running the rail he found a piece of one of the braces in the main rigging, made one end fast, and carried the other along with him. When he reached the outer davit he shouted to the man in the rigging, "You are an officer, are you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then you know how to make a bowline?" "Yes, Sir." Mr. Ancient then threw him an end of the rope, first taking a turn around the davit. "Now put confidence in me, and move when I tell you." Mr. Firth followed his directions, and the minister led him along by the rope, taking in the slack as he went. Whenever he slipped, the turn around the davit and the strong arm of his rescuer held him. A great sea swept over, and washed the officer off. "O Lord!" he cried out, "I have broken my shins; I have broken my shins." "Never mind your shins, man! it is your life we are after." Finally he got him to the main rigging and to the vessel's side, and let him into the boat by a rope, and the man was saved. He was benumbed and almost helpless from ten hours' exposure, and but for the clergyman's gallant conduct he must have perished.

THE REV. MR. ANCIENT.—[Photographed by W. Chase, Halifax.]

The lower illustration on this page represents the melancholy closing scene of this dreadful tragedy—the burial of a large number of the victims of the disaster in one common grave near the sea-shore on which they were cast away.

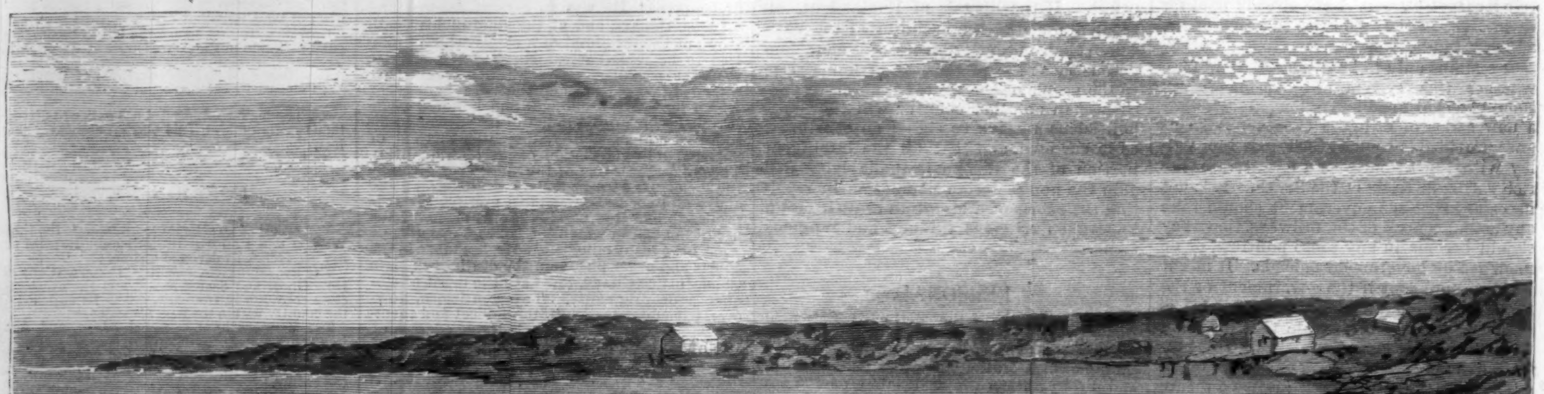
The work of recovering the bodies from the wreck was superintended by Captain Merritt, of the New York Wrecking Company; and Captain Sheridan, a noted Nova Scotia wrecker, acted under his instructions. The manner of diving was very primitive. But for the spars of the sunken steamer a person knowing nothing of the wreck might have thought that the men in the row-boats were hauling in fish. They took no unusual interest in their work, and body or bale was steadily hauled up and borne away to the store-house or the grave-yard. There was the diving-boat, in which was made fast the air-pump, worked by two men. This boat was lashed to one of the spars of the *Atlantic*. Parallel with it, at a distance of about six feet, lay another boat, in which were the men who hauled up the bodies. The diver put on most of his dress in the schooner, which lay about two hundred yards from the wreck. Over his ordinary attire he pulled first a thick jersey, then he secured his feet and legs in half a dozen pairs of thick, long, woolen socks, and over all he drew a nondescript flannel garment. Thus fortified against the cold, he put on his water-proof dress. From the schooner he was rowed to the boats. There he put on an enormous pair of boots, with double soles, one of leather and one of inch lead. Two heavy flat lead weights were hung over his shoulders, the helmet was screwed on, the life-line attached to the neck-plate, the sheath-knife belted, and he was ready to explore the green waves below.

Captain Sheridan, who is the most experienced diver on the coast, relates that the first time he went down into a wreck for bodies he met a sight that would have appalled less stout-hearted men. He entered the cabin. In a corner stood almost straight the form of a woman in her night-dress. The hands were open, and the arms extended. As Sheridan opened the saloon door, the still water rippled, and the arms of the dead woman moved up and down. As he moved forward, the water became more agitated, and the dead body, still upright, slowly and with waving hands floated toward him. He moved aside and let it pass, then passed a rope around the middle, guided it through the cabin door, gave the signal, and it was hoisted. A diver who went down into the *Atlantic* in search of bodies says that as he was passing along in the steerage he was struck twice on the helmet; looking up, he saw a dead body, whose arms had been moved by the agitation of the water.

AFLOAT ON THE ICE.

The story of that wonderful voyage on an ice raft, of which we gave an outline in the last number of the *Weekly*, forms one of the most marvelous chapters in the annals of arctic adventure. From the simple and straightforward narrative of Captain Tyson, it appears that the long drift of one hundred and ninety days—if the dreadful arctic night through which they slowly crept can be reckoned by days—was not marked by strange adventures or startling perils; but what imagination can picture to itself the horrors of that long suspense, the dread of unseen dangers, the sense of the improbability of rescue, which must have brooded over that handful of men and women as time wore tediously away? The courage that upheld them through all this, that kept them above despondency and despair, was far higher than that required to face the perils of the battle-field.

According to Captain Tyson's account, the *Polaris* left Tossac on the 24th of August, 1871, and proceeded through Smith's Sound. The expedition succeeded in getting as far north as latitude 82° 16′, when they returned and wintered at Polaris Bay, latitude 81° 38′, longitude



THE GRAVE ON THE SHORE—BURIAL OF VICTIMS OF THE "ATLANTIC" DISASTER.—[Photographed by W. Chase, Halifax.]

61° 44′. From this point, as already narrated in the *Weekly*, Captain HALL, on the 10th of October, started north on a sledge journey, from which he returned on the 24th of the same month. He was immediately afterward taken sick, and died on the 8th of November. Three days afterward he was buried on shore. His surviving comrades passed the winter there, and on the 8th of June attempted an expedition northward with two boats. Of this expedition no details have yet been made public, except the fact that it crossed KANE's polar sea, which is stated to be a strait about fourteen miles wide, with an appearance of open water to the north. Returning to the vessel on the 8th of July, they made preparations to return home.

They started homeward on the 12th of August, 1872. On the 15th they were beset with ice, in latitude 80° 2′, and were drifted down to latitude 77° 35′, when they encountered a heavy southwest gale. The *Polaris* was under such severe pressure, and was considered in such peril, that on the 15th they had commenced landing provisions and boats on the ice, with the probability in view that she would have to be abandoned. While this labor was still going on, the *Polaris* broke away from her moorings and drifted away to the south, with a part of the crew on board, leaving nineteen persons on the ice. When last seen by Captain TYSON she was lying in a little bay to the northeast of Northumberland Island, her sails furled, and no smoke was issuing from the smoke-stack. Why she did not return to take on board those left on the ice, instead of sailing away from them, is a circumstance which remains to be explained. She was probably unable to make headway against the current and the drifting ice, which were forcing her to the southward.

The party left on the ice, losing sight of the ship, immediately prepared for their own safety. They first attempted to reach the shore, in hopes of finding natives to assist them in living through the winter. But when about half-way to land, with their heavily laden boats, they were compelled by drifting ice to return and haul up on the ice-field again. At this time Captain TYSON, who was in command of the party, succeeded in saving fourteen cans of pemmican, eleven and a half bags of bread, ten dozen one and two pound cans of meat and soup, fourteen hams, one small bag of chocolate weighing twenty pounds, some musk-ox skins, a few blankets, a number of rifles, and abundant ammunition. Knowing that he had not enough provisions, clothing, and other supplies for their probable wants, on the abatement of the gale he endeavored to shoot as many seals as possible, for food, light, fuel, etc., but could only get three, owing to bad weather having set in. On its clearing up he found himself within about eight miles of what he supposed to be the east coast, and about thirty or forty miles below the ship. The ice being weak, he could not attempt to transport boats and provisions to land until it grew stronger. A heavy sea was running, which broke up the ice in places, and separated the party from one of their boats, which was afterward recovered.

The ice gradually increased in firmness, and Captain TYSON made another attempt to reach the shore, carrying every thing in the boats, and dragging them along on their keels; but the rough and jagged ice stove them in. He succeeded, about the 1st of November, in getting about half-way to shore; but stormy weather set in again, broke up the ice, and set the floe on which his party was encamped adrift to the southward. For many days they saw no land, the bad weather continuing nearly the whole of November.

The party consisted of ten white men and nine Esquimaux, of whom two were women and five children. They built snow huts, and made themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. The huts were built in Esquimaux fashion, by piling up blocks of snow on a circular foundation, one layer above the other. The structure has the shape of an old-fashioned bee-hive, and is generally eight feet in diameter and six feet high. Of course they could have no fire in their snow huts, or the snow would melt, and they must have lived all the terrible period without fire, with the exception of the lamps which they must have had for the purpose of cooking, using canvas or rope-yarn for wick, and the fat of the seal for fuel.

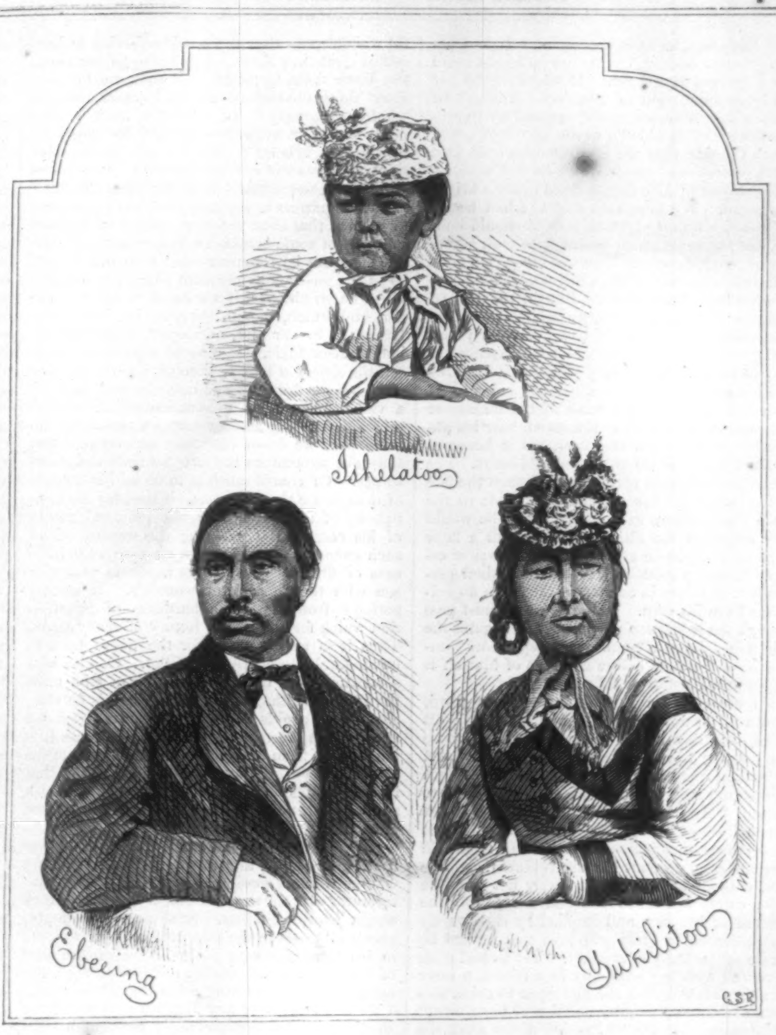
In the latter part of February they lived principally on birds, and in March they began to catch seals. During the whole of that month they subsisted on the flesh of bears and seals, wasting neither skin nor entrails. Toward the end of the month they were driven to sea by a strong westerly gale, and their ice-floe, originally about five miles in circumference, was reduced to a mere raft about twenty yards in diameter. They left this precarious support on the 1st of April, abandoning nearly all their stores, and on the 3d gained a landing on a firm portion of the pack. Next day, however, a heavy northeast gale set in, the ice broke into small pieces, and they were once more adrift, as they could not launch their boat. To the other horrors of their situation were added the sufferings of hunger. No seals or bears were to be seen, and their stock of provisions being very much reduced, they nearly died of starvation. On the 21st of April they sighted a polar bear. The two esquimaux secreted themselves behind a piece of ice, while the rest of the party lay down and imitated the motions of seals, to entice the bear within gunshot. Thus a good supply of nutritious food was secured.

A few days after this they got their boat in the water, and endeavored to work their way to the coast of Labrador, where they hoped to find temporary relief. On the 30th of April they were picked up by the steamer *Tigress*, Captain BARTLETT, in latitude 53° 35′, longitude 55°, near Wolf Island, and about forty miles from the main-land. They were taken to St. Johns, Newfoundland. An expedition will be sent in search of the *Polaris*, should she not be heard from soon.

In our double-page illustration this week our readers will find a graphic representation of the life of Captain TYSON's party during the long and tedious drift through the dreary arctic night. We also give the portraits of Captains BUDDINGTON and TYSON, and those of JOE and HANNAH, Captain HALL's Esquimaux friends, and their little daughter, who were among those who made the long voyage on the ice-floe. Captain BUDDINGTON, who remained on board the *Polaris*, is a native of New London, Connecticut. He is now forty-six years old, and has passed his life at sea. Five times he has rounded Cape Horn, and three times the Cape of Good Hope. He has made thirteen whaling voyages to Baffin Bay, and he commanded the vessel which carried HALL from New London on his first arctic voyage. Captain BUDDINGTON is a wonderful rifle-shot, and his feats as a marksman are the envy and admiration of all who witness them.

Captain TYSON went on board the *Polaris* at the last moment before leaving, at the earnest solicitation of Captain HALL, to whom he was most loyally devoted, and who assigned him to the position of assistant navigator—a somewhat anomalous one, but it was readily accepted by Captain TYSON, who attested his readiness to go in any capacity. Captain TYSON is known to be a man of much nerve and resolution, and it is probable that the safety of the party under his command was due to his management.

Captain HALL's Esquimaux friends, JOE and HANNAH, with their adopted daughter, SILVIE, are well known to the public. Under their portraits are engraved the names by which they are known in their native tongue. They come from the Innuit aristocracy, have once paid a visit to England, and been presented to the Queen, and both are well acquainted with the English lan-



JOE, HANNAH, AND SILVIE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BISHOP & KENYON, NEW LONDON.]

CAPTAIN S. O. BUDDINGTON.

CAPTAIN H. C. TYSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GILES BISHOP, NEW LONDON.]

guage. Joe has been a famous hunter in Esquimaux land, and was glad to again visit his ice-bound hunting fields. Hannah, who appears to be a very modest, sweet-tempered lady, loves civilization best. Little Silvie is a bright little thing, about eight or nine years of age, and was doubtless the pet and life of the ship.

CAPTAIN JACK AND HIS COMPANIONS.

On our first page this week our readers will find a very interesting picture, showing the redoubtable Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, with some of his companions, whose names have become unpleasantly famous during the past few months. It is engraved from a photograph taken a short time before Captain Jack started upon his belligerent career. The central figure is that of the Modoc chief; that in the upper right-hand corner John Schonshin; below him is Hooker Jim; on the left is the portrait of Shac Nasty Jim; the white man with the hat on, in the rear of the group of Indians, was a former agent among the Modoc tribe, and the half-breed is an interpreter.

The Modocs, who still offer successful resistance to our troops, are said to be a cross between the Fish Indians and the Pi-Utes. The theory that they are the descendants of a colony of Welshmen who came to this country many centuries ago under command of an adventurer named Madoc is too fanciful and far-fetched to be seriously discussed. Whatever their lineage, the Modocs are adepts in the art of Indian war, and Captain Jack has shown an inexhaustible fertility in methods of attack and defense. Driven from his original stronghold in the lava beds, he has taken up another position some twenty miles distant. General Davis is pressing him closely, and will give him no time to rest his men or replenish his stores. But the natural advantages of the country are all on the side of the Indian, and it may be many weeks yet before the country has the satisfaction of hearing that the war is over.

(Continued from No. 856, page 451.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," etc., etc.

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER IV.

The weeks glided on. Isaura's MS. had passed into print; it came out in the French fashion of *feuilletons*—a small detachment at a time. A previous flourish of trumpets by Savarin and the clique at his command insured it attention, if not from the general public, at least from critical and literary coteries. Before the fourth installment appeared it had outgrown the patronage of the coteries; it seized hold of the public. It was not in the last school in fashion; incidents were not crowded and violent—they were few and simple, rather appertaining to an elder school, in which poetry of sentiment and grace of diction prevailed. That very resemblance to old favorites gave it the attraction of novelty. In a word, it excited a pleased admiration, and great curiosity was felt as to the authorship. When it oozed out that it was by the young lady whose future success in the musical world had been so sanguinely predicted by all who had heard her sing, the interest wonderfully increased. Petitions to be introduced to her acquaintance were showered upon Savarin: before she scarcely realized her dawning fame she was drawn from her quiet home and retired habits; she was *fêtée* and courted in the literary circle of which Savarin was a chief. That circle touched, on one side, Bohemia; on the other, that realm of politer fashion which, in every intellectual metropolis, but especially in Paris, seeks to gain borrowed light from luminaries in art and letters. But the very admiration she obtained somewhat depressed, somewhat troubled her; after all, it did not differ from that which was at her command as a singer.

On the one hand, she shrank instinctively from the caresses of female authors and the familiar greetings of male authors, who frankly lived in philosophical disdain of the conventions respected by sober, decorous mortals. On the other hand, in the civilities of those who, while they courted a rising celebrity, still held their habitual existence apart from the artistic world, there was a certain air of condescension, of patronage toward the young stranger with no other protector but Signora Venosta, the *ci-devant* public singer, and who had made her *début* in a journal edited by M. Gustave Rameau, which, however disguised by exaggerated terms of praise, wounded her pride of woman in flattering her vanity as author. Among this latter set were wealthy, high-born men, who addressed her as woman—as woman beautiful and young—with words of gallantry that implied love, but certainly no thought of marriage: many of the most ardent were, indeed, married already. But once launched into the thick of Parisian hospitalities, it was difficult to draw back. The Venosta wept at the thought of missing some lively *soirée*, and Savarin laughed at her shrinking fastidiousness as that of a child's ignorance of the world. But still she had her mornings to herself; and in those mornings, devoted to the continuance of her work (for the commencement was in print before a third was completed), she forgot the commonplace world that received her in the evenings. Insensibly to herself the tone of this work had changed as it proceeded. It had begun seriously, indeed, but in the seriousness there was a certain latent joy. It might be the joy of having found vent of utterance; it might be rather a joy still more latent, inspired by the remembrance of Graham's words and looks, and by the thought that she had renounced all idea of the professional career which he had evidently disapproved. Life then seemed to her a bright possession. We have seen that she had begun her *roman* without planning how it should end. She had, however, then meant it to end, somehow or other, happily. Now the lustre had gone from life—the tone of the work was saddened—it foreboded a tragic close. But for the general reader it became, with every chapter, still more interesting; the poor child had a singularly musical gift of style—a music which lent itself naturally to pathos. Every very young writer knows how his work, if one of feeling, will color itself from the views of some truth in his innermost self; and in proportion as it does so, how his absorption in the work increases, till it becomes part and parcel of his own mind and heart. The presence of a hidden sorrow may change the fate of the beings he has created, and guide to the grave those whom, in a happier vein, he would have united at the altar. It is not till a later stage of experience and art that the writer escapes from the influences of his individual personality, and lives in existences that take no colorings from his own. Genius usually must pass through the subjective process before it gains the objective. Even a Shakspeare represents himself in the Sonnets before no trace of himself is visible in a Falstaff or a Lear.

No news of the Englishman — not a word. Isaura could not but feel that in his words, his looks, that day in her own garden, and those yet happier days at Enghein, there had been more than friendship: there had been love—love enough to justify her own pride in whispering to herself, "And I love too." But then that last parting!—how changed he was—how cold! She conjectured that jealousy of Rameau might, in some degree, account for the coldness when he first entered the room, but surely not when he left; surely not when she had overpassed the reserve of her sex, and implied by signs rarely misconstrued by those who love that he had no cause for jealousy of another. Yet he had gone—parted with her pointedly as a friend, a mere friend. How foolish she had been to think this rich, ambitious foreigner could ever have meant to be more! In the occupation of her work she thought to banish his image; but in that work the image was never absent; there were passages in which she pleadingly addressed it, and then would cease abruptly, stifled by passionate tears. Still she fancied that the work would reunite them; that in its pages he would hear her voice and comprehend her heart. And thus all praise of the work became very, very dear to her.

At last, after many weeks, Savarin heard from Graham. The letter was dated Aix-la-Chapelle, at which the Englishman said he might yet be some time detained. In the letter Graham spoke chiefly of the new journal: in polite compliment of Savarin's own effusions; in mixed praise and condemnation of the political and social articles signed Pierre Firmin—praise of their intellectual power, condemnation of their moral cynicism. "The writer," he said, "reminds me of a passage in which Montesquieu compares the heathen philosophers to those plants which the earth produces in places that have never seen the heavens. The soil of his experience does not grow a single belief; and as no community can exist without a belief of some kind, so a politician without belief can but help to destroy; he can not reconstruct. Such writers corrupt a society; they do not reform a system." He closed his letter with a reference to Isaura: "Do, in your reply, my dear Savarin, tell me something about your friends Signora Venosta and the signorina, whose work, so far as yet published, I have read with admiring astonishment at the power of a female writer so young to rival the veteran practitioners of fiction in the creation of interest in imaginary characters, and in sentiments which, if they appear somewhat overromantic and exaggerated, still touch very fine chords in human nature not awakened in our trite every-day existence. I presume that the beauty of the *roman* has been duly appreciated by a public so refined as the Parisian, and that the name of the author is generally known. No doubt she is now much the rage of the literary circles, and her career as a writer may be considered fixed. Pray present my congratulations to the signorina when you see her."

Savarin had been in receipt of this letter some days before he called on Isaura, and carelessly showed it to her. She took it to the window to read, in order to conceal the trembling of her hands. In a few minutes she returned it silently.

"Those Englishmen," said Savarin, "have not the art of compliment. I am by no means flattered by what he says of my trifles, and I dare say you are still less pleased with this chilly praise of your charming tale; but the man means to be civil."

"Certainly," said Isaura, smiling faintly.

"Only think of Rameau," resumed Savarin; "on the strength of his salary in the *Sens Commun*, and on the *châteaux en Espagne* which he constructs thereon—he has already furnished an apartment in the Chaussée d'Antin, and talks of setting up a *coupé* in order to maintain the dignity of letters when he goes to dine with the duchesses who are some day or other to invite him. Yet I admire his self-confidence, though I laugh at it. A man gets on by a spring in his own mechanism, and he should always keep it wound up. Rameau will make a figure. I used to pity him. I begin to respect; nothing succeeds like success. But I see I am spoiling your morning. *Au revoir, mon enfant.*"

Left alone, Isaura brooded in a sort of mournful wonderment over the words referring to herself in Graham's letter. Read though but once, she knew them by heart. What! did he consider those characters she had represented as wholly imaginary? In one—the most prominent, the most attractive — could he detect no likeness to himself? What! did he consider so "overromantic and exaggerated," sentiments which couched appeals from her heart to his? Alas! in matters of sentiment it is the misfortune of us men that even the most refined of us often grate upon some sentiment in a woman, though she may not be romantic—not romantic at all, as people go—some sentiment which she thought must be so obvious, if we cared a straw about her, and which, though we prize her above the Indies, is, by our dim, horn-eyed, masculine vision, undiscernible. It may be something in itself the airiest of trifles: the anniversary of a day in which the first kiss was interchanged, nay, of a violet gathered, a misunderstanding cleared up; and of that anniversary we remember no more than we do of our bells and coral. But she—she remembers it; it is no bells and coral to her. Of course much is to be said in excuse of man, brute though he be. Consider the multiplicity of his occupations, the practical nature of his cares. But granting the validity of all such excuse, there is in man an original obtuseness of fibre as regards sentiment in comparison with the delicacy of woman's. It comes, perhaps, from the same hardness of constitution which forbids us the luxury of ready tears. Thus it is very difficult for the wisest man to understand thoroughly a woman. Goethe says somewhere that the highest genius in man must have much of the woman in it. If this be true, the highest genius alone in man can comprehend and explain the nature of woman; because it is not remote from him, but an integral part of his masculine self. I am not sure, however, that it necessitates the highest genius, but rather a special idiosyncrasy in genius which the highest may or may not have. I think Sophocles a higher genius than Euripides; but Euripides has that idiosyncrasy, and Sophocles not. I doubt whether women would accept Goethe as their interpreter with the same readiness with which they would accept Schiller. Shakspeare, no doubt, excels all poets in the comprehension of women, in his sympathy with them in the woman part of his nature which Goethe ascribes to the highest genius; but, putting aside that "monster," I do not remember any English poet whom we should consider conspicuously eminent in that lore, unless it be the prose poet, nowadays generally underrated and little read, who wrote the letters of Clarissa Harlowe. I say all this in vindication of Graham Vane, if, though a very clever man in his way, and by no means uninstructed in human nature, he had utterly failed in comprehending the mysteries which to this poor woman-child seemed to need no key for one who really loved her. But we have said somewhere before in this book that music speaks in a language which can not explain itself except in music. So speaks, in the human heart, much which is akin to music. Fiction (that is, poetry, whether in form of rhyme or prose) speaks thus pretty often. A reader must be more commonplace than, I trust, my gentle readers are, if he suppose that when Isaura symbolized the real hero of her thoughts in the fabled hero of her romance, she depicted him as one of whom the world could say, "That is Graham Vane." I doubt if even a male poet would so vulgarize any woman whom he thoroughly reverenced and loved. She is too sacred to him to be thus unveiled to the public stare; as the sweetest of all ancient love-poets says well—

> "*Qui sapit in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.*"

But a girl, a girl in her first untold timid love, to let the world know, "*that* is the man I love and would die for!"—if such a girl be, she has no touch of the true woman-genius, and certainly she and Isaura have nothing in common. Well, then, in Isaura's invented hero, though she saw the archetypal form of Graham Vane — saw him as in her young, vague, romantic dreams, idealized, beautified, transfigured — he would have been the vainest of men if he had seen therein the reflection of himself. On the contrary, he said, in the spirit of that jealousy to which he was too prone, "Alas! this, then, is some ideal, already seen perhaps, compared to which how commonplace am I!" and thus persuading himself, no wonder that the sentiments surrounding this unrecognized archetype appeared to him overromantic. His taste acknowledged the beauty of form which clothed them; his heart envied the ideal that inspired them. But they seemed so remote from him; they put the dream-land of the writer farther and farther from his work-day real life.

In this frame of mind, then, he had written to Savarin, and the answer he received hardened it still more. Savarin had replied, as was his laudable wont in correspondence, the very day he received Graham's letter, and therefore before he had even seen Isaura. In his reply he spoke much of the success her work had obtained; of the invitations showered upon her, and the sensation she caused in the *salons*; of her future career, with hope that she might even rival Madame de Grantmesnil some day, when her ideas became emboldened by maturer experience, and a closer study of that model of eloquent style—saying that the young editor was evidently becoming enamored of his fair contributor; and that Madame Savarin had ventured the prediction that the signorina's *roman* would end in the death of the heroine and the marriage of the writer.

CHAPTER V.

And still the weeks glided on: autumn succeeded to summer, the winter to autumn; the season of Paris was at its height. The wondrous Capital seemed to repay its imperial embellisher by the splendor and the joy of its *fêtes*. But the smiles on the face of Paris were hypocritical and hollow. The empire itself had passed out of fashion. Grave men and impartial observers felt anxious. Napoleon had renounced *les idées Napoléoniennes*. He was passing into the category of constitutional sovereigns, and reigning, not by his old undivided prestige, but by the grace of party. The press was free to circulate complaints as to the past and demands as to the future, beneath which the present reeled—ominous of earthquake. People asked themselves if it were possible that the empire could coexist with forms of government not imperial, yet not genuinely constitutional, with a majority daily yielding to a minority. The basis of universal suffrage was sapped. About this time the articles in the *Sens Commun*, signed Pierre Firmin, were creating not only considerable sensation, but marked effect on opinion; and the sale of the journal was immense.

Necessarily the repute and the position of Gustave Rameau, as the avowed editor of this potent journal, rose with its success. Nor only his repute and position; bank-notes of considerable value were transmitted to him by the publisher, with the brief statement that they were sent by the sole proprietor of the paper as the editor's fair share of profit. The proprietor was never named, but Rameau took it for granted that it was M. Lebeau. M. Lebeau he had never seen since the day he had brought him the list of contributors, and was then referred to the publisher, whom he supposed M. Lebeau had secured, and received the first quarter of his salary in advance. The salary was a trifle compared to the extra profits thus generously volunteered. He called at Lebeau's office, and saw only the clerk, who said that his *chef* was abroad.

Prosperity produced a marked change for the better, if not in the substance of Rameau's character, at least in his manners and social converse. He no longer exhibited that restless envy of rivals, which is the most repulsive symptom of vanity diseased. He pardoned Isaura her success; nay, he was even pleased at it. The nature of her work did not clash with his own kind of writing. It was so thoroughly woman-like that one could not compare it to a man's. Moreover, that success had contributed largely to the profits by which he had benefited, and to his renown as editor of the journal which accorded place to this new-found genius. But there was a deeper and more potent cause for sympathy with the success of his fair young contributor. He had imperceptibly glided into love with her—a love very different from that with which poor Julie Caumartin flattered herself she had inspired the young poet. Isaura was one of those women for whom, even in natures the least chivalric, love—however ardent—can not fail to be accompanied with a certain reverence—the reverence with which the ancient knighthood, in its love for women, honored the ideal purity of womanhood itself. Till then Rameau had never revered any one.

On her side, brought so frequently into communication with the young conductor of the journal in which she wrote, Isaura entertained for him a friendly, almost sister-like affection.

I do not think that, even if she had never known the Englishman, she would have really become in love with Rameau, despite the picturesque beauty of his countenance, and the congeniality of literary pursuits; but perhaps she might have *fancied* herself in love with him. And till one, whether man or woman, has known real love, fancy is readily mistaken for it. But little as she had seen of Graham, and that little not in itself wholly favorable to him, she knew in her heart of hearts that his image would never be replaced by one equally dear. Perhaps in those qualities that placed him in opposition to her she felt his attractions. The poetical in woman exaggerates the worth of the practical in man. Still for Rameau her exquisitely kind and sympathizing nature conceived one of those sentiments which in woman are almost angel-like. We have seen in her letters to Madame de Grantmesnil that from the first he inspired her with a compassionate interest; then the compassion was checked by her perception of his more unamiable and envious attributes. But now those attributes, if still existent, had ceased to be apparent to her, and the compassion became unalloyed. Indeed, it was thus so far increased that it was impossible for any friendly observer to look at the beautiful face of this youth, prematurely wasted and worn, without the kindliness of pity. His prosperity had brightened and sweetened the expression of that face, but it had not effaced the vestiges of decay; rather perhaps deepened them, for the duties of his post necessitated a regular labor, to which he had been unaccustomed, and the regular labor necessitated, or seemed to him to necessitate, an increase of fatal stimulants. He imbibed absinthe with every thing he drank, and to absinthe he united opium. This, of course, Isaura knew not, any more than she knew of his *liaison* with the "Ondine" of his muse; she saw only the increasing delicacy of his face and form, contrasted by his increased geniality and liveliness of spirits, and the contrast saddened her. Intellectually, too, she felt for him compassion. She recognized and respected in him the yearnings of a genius too weak to perform a tithe of what, in the arrogance of youth, it promised to its ambition. She saw, too, those struggles between a higher and a lower self, to which a weak degree of genius, united with a strong degree of arrogance, is so often subjected. Perhaps she overestimated the degree of genius, and what, if rightly guided, it could do; but she did, in the desire of her own heavenlier instinct, aspire to guide it heavenward. And as if she were twenty years older than himself,

she obeyed that desire in remonstrating and warning and urging, and the young man took all these "preachments" with a pleased submissive patience. Such, as the new year dawned upon the grave of the old one, was the position between these two. And nothing more was heard from Graham Vane.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS FLOWERS.

To begin with a plant brought from New Granada, an extensive country in South America, now part of Colombia, and which is called the *Coriaria thymifolia*, or ink plant. The juice which is extracted from it, and which is called "canchi," is at first of a reddish tint, but in the space of a few hours assumes a hue of the deepest black, and can be used in its natural state without preparation. The merit of this canchi consists in its not affecting steel pens as the ordinary ink does, and, besides, it will resist the action of time, and the influence of chemical agencies. During the Spanish régime all the public documents were written with this ink; otherwise they would have been rendered illegible by the action of sea-water. Some of our botanists are engaged in the acclimatization of this plant, which will enter into competition with our own ink manufacturers.

An extremely curious flower has been recently described by an eye-witness at Constantinople, at which place it is said the vegetable treasures of the Eastern world were first collected. This flower belongs to the Narcissus kind of bulbs, and bears the botanical name of *Ophrys mouche*. There were three naked flowers on the stalk, hanging on one side. The underneath one was fading, but the other two were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak, and eyes are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the two outstretched wings are bright rose-color; and the under part of the flower is of a deep brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gad-fly, and here the seeds are found.

Another extraordinary plant is a native of Sumatra, an island in the Indian Ocean, and was discovered in 1818 by Sir Stamford Raffles, but is very little known. The dimensions of this flower exceed any that have ever been heard of, and are truly astonishing. The whole flower was of a very thick substance, the petals being one-quarter of an inch thick, and in some parts three-quarters of an inch thick. It had a very disagreeable smell. There were five petals, covered with yellowish-white protuberances, which were thick, and of a brick-red color. Each flower measured a full yard across, the petals being of a roundish shape, growing wider in the middle, and rounding off toward the top; the base of each petal where it joined the centre part (called the nectarium) was about a foot across. The hollow nectarium held about twelve pints, and the weight of this prodigy was fifteen pounds! Before the flowers open they look like a very hard cabbage. These enormous flowers are what is called parasitical, like the mistletoe, growing on another plant, which is a trailing vine, so they cover the ground and show no leaves or stem at all. This plant has been named the *Rafflesia arnoldi*, and there is a beautiful colored engraving of it in the fifth part of *Nature and Art*.

Another immense plant is the famous tropical water-lily, named the Victoria Regia, discovered in 1837, in the river Berbice, South America. The round light green leaves of this queen of the water plants measure no less than six feet in diameter, and are surrounded by an elevated rim several inches high, and show the pale carmine red of the under surface. The sweet white blossoms, deepening into roseate hues, are composed of several hundred petals; and, measuring no less than fourteen inches in diameter, they rival the proportions of its immense leaves.

An English amateur floriculturist has succeeded in raising a new species of geranium, and such is its rarity that he estimates its worth at £1000, and hopes to make at least that sum of it. This precious plant is of a pure white—stem, leaves, and flowers. It looks almost like wax, and is of a bright transparency. Never was such a thing heard of before, and, no doubt, if the owner is fortunate, there will be a great demand for it.

NOSTRADAMUS, THE PROPHET.

Michael Nostradamus, prophet and astrologer, was born in 1503, at Rémy, in Provence. He was of Jewish origin, of the tribe of Issachar, renowned for their prophetic gifts. He studied at Avignon, and afterward at Montpellier, for the profession of medicine. In 1525 a pestilence ravaged the southern provinces, and Nostradamus not only attended to the sick, but invented new methods for their cure. His prescriptions were eagerly sought after, but his principal cures were effected by a powder of which he alone had the recipe. He married a woman of good family, and had a son and daughter, both of whom died young. On the death of his first wife he married again, and had six children, one of whom, Charles, endeavored to rival his father's fame, but in vain. In 1546 a terrible plague broke out at Aix, called "le Charbon Provençale," because those attacked by the disease turned perfectly black. Both there and at Lyons Nostradamus practiced as a physician with such success that Charles VIII. paid a special visit to Provence to see this celebrated man. The king was so charmed with Nostradamus that he presented him with two hundred crowns in gold and made him a councilor. He was often summoned to court after this, and drew the horoscopes of many famous personages, among others that of Cardinal de Bourbon, uncle of Henry IV. He received the title of Physician to Charles IX.

Nostradamus always surrounded himself with such mystery that he was all but invisible to the world at large. He carried on his studies in an under-ground apartment by the light of an ever-burning lamp, and there he received the visits of several distinguished persons, even of Henry IV. himself when still a child, and the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, the father and mother of Charles Emanuel the Great. His prophetic utterances were couched in such mysterious language that they might be easily interpreted in any desired way. He died in 1566, and was buried in the Church of the Cordeliers, at Salon, where his portrait, with a most pompous epitaph under it, commemorates his fame.

Nostradamus published many prophetical almanacs, the model of those of our day, but his chief work was his far-famed *Centuries*. It first appeared at Lyons in 1555, and obtained great celebrity. Each century contains a hundred quatrains, or verses of four lines each. In all they amount to a thousand, and are written in old French. The prediction embraces a space of time from the year 1555 to 3797. Upward of 300 years, therefore, have elapsed since it was first promulgated, and we can see in how much or how little the foretold events of those 300 years came to pass. One of the best-known quatrains runs as follows:

"Le lyon jeune le vieux surmontera
En champ bellique, par singulier duelle;
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera.
Deux classes, une, puis mourira mort cruelle."

That is, literally,

"The young lion shall surmount the old one
In a warlike field, by a singular duel;
Shall put out his eyes in a golden cage.
Two classed as one, then die a cruel death."

This was fulfilled in the death of Henry II. of France, who died from the effect of a lance thrust in the eye, which struck him through the golden bars of his helmet during a tournament. The event occurred in 1599, thirty years after the death of Nostradamus. Some of the quatrains allude to the death of Charles the First:

"Gand et Bruxelles marcheront contre Anvers,
Sénat de Londres mettra à mort leur roi."
—*Cent.* ix., *Quatrain* 49.

It is singular that except Charles I. no king was ever condemned to death by a legalized senate, and at the time he was led to the scaffold, Ghent and Brussels did march against Antwerp.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Each department of the government formerly entitled to the advantages of franking postal matter will be provided with a special series of postage stamps when the law abolishing the franking privilege goes into effect, on the 1st of next July. A different color and distinguishing features mark the stamps designed for each department. The color for the War Department is carmine; the Navy, blue; the Interior, vermilion; State, green; Treasury, velvet brown; Post-office, black; Agricultural, straw-color; Department of Justice, royal purple; Executive, chocolate. The general design of the stamps is similar, the name of the department being printed on them. The Post-office stamp, for distinctive convenience, is different from the others in having the denomination in large figures and full relief in white on a black ground. The border of this stamp is of exquisite workmanship, and is composed of a delicate wreath of leaves entwined around the medallion; the letters "U. S." are in the lower corners, and two balls in the upper corners.

It will save young men and women desirous of serving the government a good deal of needless expense to remember that passing a successful examination for an office does not secure the appointment. There are numerous candidates for all vacancies; often eight or ten times as many applicants as offices. While many are excluded by the examination as incompetent, there are still many more who are qualified than can be supplied with places. Recently a lady was desired in the Post-office Department in Washington, and forty young women appeared from different parts of the country, each one supposing, if she passed successfully, the place was secure. But nearly all passed; hence all but one, even of the successful—thirty-nine disappointed young women—paid car fares, hack fares, hotel fares, and then returned home, sad but wiser.

Those who visit Vienna need to be wide awake, and understand the customs of the country, or they find themselves "taken in." An American having settled himself at his hotel, and wishing for a bottle of ink, rang for the servant to get one for him. He was informed that he must send by a regular porter. In front of each hotel in Vienna are scores of men whose business it is to perform such commissions as this. The gentleman, therefore, sent a porter on the errand, who brought him a small bottle of ink, for which he demanded ninety kreutzers, three times its cost. On being interrogated respecting the matter, he simply explained by saying that sixty kreutzers was the price of his own service, or the commission.

A wise American prophet foretells that from 1880 to 1885 the four great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, will be nearer the earth than they have been for eighteen hundred years, and that the result of this propinquity will be all manner of calamities—plague, famine, and dreadfully hot and cold weather. The prospect is a bad one for those who survive until that fatal period.

In Colorado, when the atmosphere is oppressively hot, one sometimes notices in the street straws and bits of paper whirling heavenward. It is a signal to be regarded; for presently great clouds and pillars of dust fill the streets, lodging in every nook and cranny, and taking captive every loose article. This is only a sand-storm, and does not last forever.

A hen of an ingenious and enterprising turn, belonging in Portland, Maine, has laid two eggs joined together at the ends. It will puzzle any hen on the American continent to outdo this. The ordinary and every-day custom of this wonderful Portland hen has long been to lay double-yolk eggs quite as a matter of course, and lately in the same day she laid two complete eggs, a morning egg and an evening egg. What effect these exertions have upon her general health is not stated, but a hen that can issue a morning and evening edition in this manner, with an extra, or a double egg, on important occasions now and then, and keep it up, may anticipate a successful career.

Let children grow. Give them time for slow and natural development. Give them freedom and liberty in things not positively and permanently hurtful. What matter if all their daily behavior is not quite pleasant or perfect, if they show improvement and progress. Sow good seed, anxious parent, cultivate with care, but *wait patiently for harvest* if you wish good fruit. Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at table; suppose a cup or tumbler does slip through its little fingers, the food below deluged, the goblet smashed, and the table-cloth ruined—do not look cross, and break out with reproof of what was unintended as if it were a willful wrong. Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers? Instead of sending the child away in anger, or with threatening words, why not be as generous as to a guest, to whom you would kindly say, "It is of no consequence." It is generally wise to take little notice of mishaps or bad behavior at the time, and even to divert attention from them at the instant. Afterward, at some appropriate time, draw the child's attention to the impropriety, fault, or lack of suitable care, and point out kindly the remedy.

Fashion is not confined to aristocratic avenues. An ambitious and imitative stable-keeper in East Broadway astonishes the eye with a big sign upon his barn bearing the strange device, "Hôtel de Horse." His horses are doubtless as dainty as their master, and refuse their hay unless made up in a salad, or despise their oats if not served in the Parisian style.

At the fifty-second annual meeting of the Mercantile Library Association of this city the total receipts during the year were stated to be $38,669 46; the expenditures, $38,278 15. The association has 11,737 members. During the year 6919 books were added to the library, which now contains 143,273 volumes. The association has during the year been called to mourn the death of six prominent honorary members—Horace Greeley, Thomas Hall Faile, Francis Lieber, LL.D., the Hon. James Brooks, John Farrell, and the Hon. John Romeyn Brodhead. The report of the directors recommended erecting a new building, to be fire-proof, and located farther up town.

A Chicago father has been fined five dollars for beating his son. The parent was one hundred and five years old, the son only eighty.

A poor English sailor was charged with bigamy. He pleaded guilty, saying to the judge:

"May it please your lordship, my wife ran away with another man, and left me with a family of children, whom my duties as a British sailor hardly enabled me to take care of without another wife. What ought I to have done?"

It chanced to be the late Chief Justice Maule who was sitting on the bench, and he replied, with satirical sternness:

"Prisoner, I will tell you what you ought to have done. You ought to have employed a posse of police to pursue that eloping wife, and to have established a case of *crim. con.* against her; you ought then to have gone up to the House of Lords, and secured from their lordships a divorce, and then married again. You may say such a procedure would have cost you five or six hundred pounds, whereas you have not so many pence. But, Sir, that makes no difference. It is my business, sitting here as an English judge, to inform you that this is not a country where there is one law for the rich and another for the poor."

There are now no less than thirty-two manufacturing companies in Fall River, Massachusetts, with more than 25,000 looms and 1,165,620 spindles. Fall River claims to have more spindles running than any other American city.

A man living in Passy, one of the suburbs of Paris, complains that many of the unexploded shells of the Prussian batteries are still lying in the vicinity of his residence, and are apparently awaiting only the slightest provocation to burst. One lies in his garden, and is the occasion of great uneasiness when the children are playing about. The anxious paterfamilias has made urgent appeals to the authorities to have the dreaded projectile removed from his premises.

The celebrated "cow-tree" of South America has lately been imported into Europe, in the hope that the young plants may be acclimatized. This wonderful tree yields a good quality of milk. It flows freely from incisions made in the trunk, and is commonly used as an article of food by the inhabitants of districts where the tree is abundant. The tree grows upward of a hundred feet high, with a smooth trunk six to eight feet in diameter, and without branches for the first sixty or seventy feet of its height. If it would only grow in the open air in this climate, what a blessing it would prove to those who are dependent upon unconscientious milkmen!

Since our national Mint was established, about twelve hundred million dollars have been coined. Up to the close of the year 1870 the number of pieces of money issued exceeded 1,218,087,000! In the cabinet of coin at Philadelphia there are 5211 specimens of coin, with very few duplicates. These are collected from various nations.

The use of absinthe is very general in France. A committee who have been investigating the matter recommend that this article be included in the list of poisons, and that its general sale be visited with heavy penalties. The absinthe is usually mixed with alcohol, which greatly increases the danger attending its inordinate consumption.

The largest diamond owned by the Shah of Persia is the Derya-i-noor, weighing 173 carats. The Koh-i-noor since its last cutting weighs only 118 carats. The aggregate value of all the diamonds in the Persian collection is estimated at $10,000,000. Nevertheless few have peeped into the treasure vaults of Persia, and we fancy no very accurate knowledge is in possession of reporters.

A variety of new colors have been introduced lately. Indeed, it is difficult to make one's self familiar with all the shades and combinations which are constantly coming into general use, so as to apply the proper commercial name. Shades of blue, green, and brown are very numerous. *Rouille* is rust-color; *fumée* and *pistache*, also Russian gray, are very pleasing colors; *mastic* is putty-color; *feutre* is felt gray; *mésange*, a blue-gray; *absinthe* is gray tinged with green, which is exceedingly brilliant; *noisette* is a light brown; *ardoise*, a stone-color; *lac*, a pale clear green; *rose frais*, the color of a fresh rose.

The "Great West" may be better appreciated from the following statistics: There are eleven Territories, two or three of which are twice or three times as large as all of New England. Colorado is thirteen times as large as Massachusetts, while Dakota and Arizona are half as large again as Colorado. The eleven Territories contain over one billion and a quarter acres, exceeding by nearly two hundred thousand square miles the aggregate territory of all the present admitted States of the Union. The Territory of Alaska contains 369,529,600 acres.

Very singular are some of the "causes of death" mentioned in the last publication of the British death-rate. Swallowing bones, coins, pins, shells, nails, and fruit stones killed about a dozen persons. One man died from the bite of another man, and two more from bites of other animals. A man, a boy, and an old lady were killed by injuries inflicted by that agreeable machine, the velocipede. One woman died from a scratch from a thorn; and no less than 444 young children are reported as having been smothered by bedclothes.

A novel kind of "bath" is described in a foreign paper, which is said to be refreshing, but which seems to us rather a *grave* proceeding. The patient is introduced into a warm room, in which is a curtained bath, filled with sand heated to about 100 or 120 degrees. A longitudinal groove is scooped to receive the patient, who is wrapped in a sheet to protect him from contact with the sand, and there is a comfortable pillow for the head. The operator then covers the body and limbs with warm sand, adjusting the temperature with the greatest nicety. The feeling of warmth is very agreeable, and the weight of the sand is just enough to cause a pleasant sense of compression and support. After an hour's delightful repose the patient rises, receives a sluicing of hot water, and goes away refreshed. The effect is very different from that of hot water, and still more unlike that of hot air or steam.

A French scientist maintains that the blue color of the sky is due to the presence of hydrated silica in a very finely divided state, which is carried into the atmosphere with aqueous vapor.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

There is a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to the man that is so fortunate as to have a good wife.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, was applied to by a friend for his autograph. To which he replied: "Sir, I never send autographs. Youre, Daniel O'Connell."

The following laconic epitaph, carved on a Spanish tombstone, should be remembered: "I was well, I tried to feel better, took physic, and here I am."

A little girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing round doing nothing."

Artemus Ward once lent money. He thus recounts the transaction: "A gentleman friend of mine came to me with tears in his eyes. I said, 'Why these weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his farm, and wanted to borrow $200. I lent him the money, and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the $200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him, so I told him I would throw off $100. He brightened, shook my hand, and said, 'Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality; I'll throw off the other hundred.'"

Oh, the snore, the beautiful snore, filling her chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the coverlet, under the sheet, from her dimpled chin to her pretty feet! Now rising aloft like a bee in June; now sunk to the wail of a cracked bassoon! Now flute-like, subsiding, then rising again, is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

"Show me the man who struck O'Dougherty," shouted a pugnacious little Irishman at an election. "Show me the man who struck O'Dougherty, and I'll—" "I'm the man who struck O'Dougherty," said a big brawny fellow, stepping front; "and what have you got to say about it?" "Och, sure," answered the small one, suddenly collapsing, "and didn't you do it well!"

A story is told of a negro in Virginia whose master threatened to give him a flogging if he boiled his eggs hard again. Next morning the eggs came to the table still harder than before. "You rascal!" shouted the enraged planter, "didn't I tell you to cook these eggs soft?" "Yes, massa," said the frightened slave; "an' I got up at two o'clock dis mornin', an' biled dem five hours, an' it seems to me I never kin get dese eggs softer!"

A contemporary speaks of a fashionable tailor as being "one of the old war-horses of the trade." A heavy charger, we suppose.

A shrewd old Yankee said he didn't believe there was any downright cure for laziness in a man; "but," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

"Mary, go into the sitting-room, please, and tell me how the thermometer stands." Mary (after investigating): "It stands on the first mantel-piece, jest agin the wall, mem!"

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be kept perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor, I knew that, but I didn't know which one o' them was the other gentleman's."

An exchange refuses to publish the poem commencing,

"I breathe on the face of a maiden,"

until the editor knows what its author drinks.

Always "hard pressed"—Bricks.

A sailor who has a scar which is the result of a dispute on shore many years ago refers to it as an old landmark.

AFLOAT ON THE ICE—CAPTAIN TYSON AND HIS COM[...]ONS

...OMP...ONS ADRIFT IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—[See Page 460.]

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

IN that brief happy courtship, in those twilit rambles on the outskirts of Hawleigh, when for one delicious hour in the day they had been all the world to each other, Malcolm had laid his heart bare before her, had confessed all the anguish that his efforts not to adore her had cost him.

"I have heard of men making as strong a stand against infidelity," he said; "but I doubt if any man ever before fought so hard a fight against a sinless love."

"I must be very horrid," the girl answered, in her frivolous way, "or you would scarcely have taken so much trouble to shut the door of your heart against me."

"You are all that is lovely and adorable," he said; "but I had made up my mind to be an Ignatius Loyola on a small scale, and you came between me and my cherished dreams."

She remembered these things to-day, as she stood with locked lips and cold, scornful eyes confronting him, resolved that from him alone should come the first attempt at reconciliation.

"Having renounced me," she said at last, after a pause, in which he had waited, Heaven knows with what passionate eagerness, for any denial or supplication from her, "in so deliberate and decisive a manner, I conclude you have nothing more to say—except, indeed, to tell me to what address I shall send your letters and presents."

This home-thrust she fancied must needs bring him to his senses.

"Destroy them all!" he cried, savagely. "They are the foolish memorials of a most miserable infatuation."

"As you please," she answered, coolly, preserving that outward semblance of an unshaken spirit to the last, acting her part of indifference and disdain far better than he played his. Had she not her experience of last night to help her? This morning's interview was no whit the less a scenic display—an actress's representation of supreme calm with the strong tide of a woman's passion swelling and beating in her stormy breast all the while.

"Then there is nothing more," he said, quietly, but with the quietness of suppressed passion, and with no attempt to conceal his emotion, only trying to carry himself manfully in spite thereof, "except for us to say good-by. Let it be a friendly farewell, Elizabeth, for it is likely to be a long one."

She looked at him curiously. That was hardly the tone of a man who meant to retrace his steps—to leave her in anger to-day only to come back to her repentant to-morrow. No, there was no room to doubt his earnestness. He did mean this farewell to be irrevocable—this parting for ever and ever. It was only when he had turned his back upon her—when the door was shut between them—that she would discover how impossible it was for them to live apart.

"There must be some reciprocity in these things," she thought; "he could not be so much to me—a part of my very life—and I nothing to him. He must come back to me."

He held out his hand, and she gave him hers, and suffered it to remain, helpless, unresisting, in his strong grasp, while he spoke to her.

"Elizabeth," he said, "there are some things very hard to forgive. It is hard for me to forgive you the delusive joys of the last few months—the deep delight I felt that March night when for the first time in my life passionate love had full mastery over my heart, and all the world seemed to begin and end in you. It is bitter to look back upon that hour to-day, and know that I was the veriest slave of a delusion—the blindest fool of a woman's idle fancy. But I did not come here to reproach you. The dream is past. You might have spared me the sharpness of this sudden waking; but even that I will try to forgive you. Good-by."

He looked at her with a sad, strange smile, the firm lips set in their old resolute curve, but with an unwonted tenderness in the earnest eyes.

"Good-by," he repeated; "let me kiss you once more at parting, even if I kiss Lord Paulyn's plighted wife."

He took her in his arms—she coldly submissive, with an almost apathetic air. Was it not time for her to speak, to justify herself, to declare that there was no stranger in all that wide city farther from her heart than Reginald Paulyn? No, answered pride; it would be time enough to enlighten him when he came back to her to-morrow and sued for pardon. She would not defend herself—she would not stoop to be forgiven. Had she not humiliated herself too much already for his sake, when she gave him the love he had never asked?

"This time I will hold my own against him," she thought; "I will not be forever humbling myself in the very dust at his feet. From the beginning I have loved him with too slavish a love."

He touched her forehead with his lips—the passionless kiss of forgiveness for a great wrong. It was the ruin of his air-built castle of earthly hope for which he pardoned her in that last kiss. Before him, wide and far-reaching as the summer sea that he had looked upon a few days ago from a grassy peak among the Pentlands, stretched a nobler prospect, a grander future, than her love could ever have helped him to win, and hopes that were not earth-bound. Surely he was resigning very little in this surrender of the one woman he had loved with a love beyond control. And yet the parting tore his heart-strings as they had never been strained before—not even when he stood by the death-bed of Alice Fraser.

"I am not destined to be fortunate in my loves," he said, bitterly, the memory of that older anguish mingling curiously with his pain to-day. "Let me try to hope that I have a better destiny than mere earthly happiness."

The qualifying adverb jarred a little upon her ear. He had always set her so low; he had always loved her grudgingly, with a reservation of his better self, giving her only half his heart at best.

"You have been a great deal too good for me," she said, with exceeding bitterness, "and you have taken care that I should feel your superiority. It is not given to every woman to be like your first love—simply perfect; and I have some reason to be grateful to those worldly-minded people who are willing to accept me for what I am."

"Lord Paulyn, for instance," said Mr. Forde, becoming very worldly-minded in a moment, his eyes lighting up angrily—"Lord Paulyn, who has made his adoration of you a fact notorious to all the world."

"It is something to have one constant admirer. Lord Paulyn is at least not ashamed of admiring me. He does not fight against the sentiment as a weakness unworthy of his manhood. He does not feel himself degraded by his attachment."

This sounded like a direct avowal of the Viscount's affection, and of her acceptance thereof: surely no woman would speak in this manner except of an accepted lover. If Malcolm Forde had fondly hoped for denial—for a tardy attempt at justification—this unqualified admission was sufficient to enlighten him.

"I did not come here to bandy words, Miss Luttrell," he said, drawing himself up stiffly; "but I will not leave you without repeating a warning I gave you once before. If you set any value upon your peace on earth, or your fitness for heaven, since a woman is in some measure the slave of her surroundings, do not marry Lord Paulyn. I am not apt to go in the way of scandal, but I have heard enough of his career to justify me in declaring that union with him would be the quickest road that you could take to life-long misery."

"Yet you advised me, just now, to marry him. Rather inconsistent, is it not?"

"Anger is always inconsistent. It was passion that spoke then; it is reason that pleads now. Do not let foolish friends persuade you to your ruin, Miss Luttrell. Your beauty may win as good a position as Lord Paulyn can give you from a much better man, if you are patient, and wait a little while for that brilliant establishment which you have no doubt been taught to consider the summit of earthly felicity."

"Your advice is as insulting as—as every word you have spoken to me this morning," cried Elizabeth, with a little burst of passion.

"Forgive me," he said, with extreme gentleness. "I did wrong to speak bitterly. It is not your fault if you have been schooled by worldly teachers. Believe me, it was of your own welfare, your future on this earth and in the world beyond, I was thinking. Oh, Elizabeth, I know that it is in your power to become a good woman; that it is in your nature to be pure and noble. It is only your surroundings that are false. Let my last memory of you be one of peace and friendship, and let your memory of me be of one who once dearly loved you, and to the last had your happiness at heart."

His softened tone set her heart beating with a new hope. That phrase, "once loved you," froze it again, and held her silent as death. A dull blank shadow crept over her face; she stood looking at the ground, only just able to stand. When she looked up, with a blinding mist before her eyes, he was gone. And dimly perceiving the empty space which he had filled, and feeling in a moment that he had vanished out of her life forever, the numbness of despair came over her, and she fell senseless across the spot where he had stood.

BETWEEN LOVE AND PRIDE.

CHAPTER VII.

"The good explore,
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar;
The proud, the wayward, who have fixed below
Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—
But who in patience parts with all delight?"

MRS. CHEVENIX, descending to her drawing-room in state, after the recuperative effects of a leisurely breakfast in bed, and a gradual and easy toilet—her dress prepared for the reception of morning callers, her complexion refreshed with violet powder—was horrified at finding her niece prostrate on the threshold of the back drawing-room. But when Mrs. Chevenix and her maid had administered the usual remedies, with a good deal of rushing to and fro, and the girl's haggard eyes reopened on the outer world, her first care was to assure them that the fainting-fit was of no importance. She had been a little over-fatigued last night, that was all.

"I can't imagine what made you get up so preposterously early this morning, child," said Mrs. Chevenix, rather impatiently, "instead of trying to recruit your strength, as any sensible young woman would have done. How can you expect your complexion to last if you go on in this way? You are as dark under the eyes as if you had not slept an hour for the last fortnight. Good looks are very well in their way, Elizabeth, but they won't stand such treatment as this. Go up to your room and lie down for an hour or two, and let Mason give you one of my globules."

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders impatiently. Globules for the cure of her disease! Infinitesimal doses for the healing of that great agony! How foolish a thing this second childishness of comfortable emotionless middle age is; this fools' paradise of pet poodles and homeopathy; this empty senile existence, which remains for some men and women when feeling and passion are dead and gone!

"You know I don't believe in homeopathic medicines," she said, turning her tired head aside upon the pillow of the sofa where they had laid her, with a look of utter weariness and disgust; "or in any other medicines, indeed. I was never ill in my life, that I can remember, and I am not ill now. Let me lie here; I feel as if I could never get up again as long as I live."

"A natural consequence of overexcitement," said Mrs. Chevenix. "Shut the folding-doors, Mason, in case any one should call; and bring Miss Luttrell the *couvre-pied* from the sofa in my bedroom. You shall have a mutton-chop and a pint of Moselle for your luncheon, Lizzie; and if Lord Paulyn should come before luncheon, I sha'n't allow him to see you."

"Lord Paulyn!" cried the girl, with a shiver. "Let me never hear his name again as long as I live. He has broken my heart."

Mrs. Chevenix received this wild assertion with the stony stare of bewilderment.

"My dearest Lizzie, what are you dreaming of?" she exclaimed, pleased to think that Mason had departed, in quest of the *couvre-pied*, before this strange utterance. "I am sure that poor young man is perfectly devoted to you."

"Who wants his devotion?" cried Elizabeth, impatiently. "Has he ever been any thing but a torment to me? Oh yes, I know what you are going to say," interrupting Aunt Chevenix's half-uttered exclamation. "In that case, why did I encourage his attentions? If I did so, I hardly knew that I was encouraging them. It was rather pleasant to feel that other people thought a great deal more of me on account of his silly infatuation; and he is not the kind of man who would ever be much the worse for any disappointment in that way. It would be too preposterous to suppose that he has a heart capable of feeling deeply about any thing except his race-horses."

This was said half listlessly, yet with an air which implied that the speaker was trying to justify herself, and was half doubtful of the force of her own reasoning.

"No heart!" ejaculated Mrs. Chevenix, indignantly. "Why, I do believe that young man is all heart. I'm sure the warmth of his attachment to you is a very strong proof of it. No heart, indeed! If you had spoken of your tall curate now, with his rigid puritanical expression of countenance (just the look of an icono—what's his name—a man who would chip the noses of the saints on the carved doors of a cathedral, I should think), if you had talked of *his* having no heart, I might have agreed with you."

"Aunt Chevenix," said Elizabeth, starting up from her pillow, "if you ever dare to say one word in disparagement of Malcolm Forde, I shall hate you. I am almost tempted to hate you as it is for being at the root of all my misery. Don't put your finger upon an open wound. You have no occasion to run him down now; he is nothing more to me. He came here this morning, not an hour ago, to give me up. I meant to tell you nothing about this; but you would have found it out somehow, I dare say, before long, and it is just as well you should know at once. He came to give me up, of his own accord. Our dream of happiness was very short, was it not? and he has ended it of his own free-will. It would hardly have seemed so strange if I had been tempted away from him; for, so far as the offer of a brilliant position in this world can tempt a penniless parson's daughter, I have been tempted. Yet Heaven knows my faith never wavered for a moment. But he had heard something about Lord Paulyn and me, had seen some silly paragraph in a newspaper, and came to give me up. Even if I had been inclined to exculpate myself, he gave me no opportunity; he would hardly let me speak. And it was not for me to supplicate for a hearing; so I let him go, without an effort to detain him, almost as coldly as he renounced me."

"And you acted like a woman of spirit in so doing," cried Mrs. Chevenix, triumphantly. Indeed, nothing could be more delightful to her than this intelligence. "Sue to him, indeed—exculpate yourself to him!—that would be rather too much. I congratulate you, my dear girl, upon having released yourself from a most unfortunate and mistaken engagement."

"It may have been all that," said the girl, shrinking from her aunt's soothing caress with a shiver, "but, unluckily, I loved the man. 'I loved you once,'" she repeated, dreamily, going back to her interview with Malcolm Forde. "O God! that I should live to hear him say that! 'I loved you once!'"

"My dearest child, it was not in human nature that such an engagement as that could endure. You, handsome, accomplished, admired, with peculiar opportunities of social success" (this with a swelling pride in that dainty little establishment in Eaton Place South, and in herself as the sole source of these opportunities); "he, an obscure provincial curate; a man who, entering the Church somewhat late in life, has actually started at a disadvantage; not even a particularly agreeable or good-looking person; and I feel sure that when reason and experience have come to your aid, Lizzie, you will confess the baselessness of your infatuation."

"When experience has made me a hard, worldly old woman, like Lady Paulyn, I may begin to see things in that light," said Elizabeth, bitterly;

"but please don't talk to me any more about Mr. Forde. Respect his name as you would if he were dead. As if he were dead!" she repeated. "Could I be any more unhappy if he were lying in his grave?"

"Do not be afraid that *I* shall talk of the man," exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, indignantly. "I am too much disgusted with his conduct. To choose the very time in which his prospects began to improve—as I conclude this uncle has left him something—to throw you off! However, I thank Providence that your future may be fifty times more brilliant than any position which *he* could offer you at his best!"

Elizabeth said nothing, but sat with fixed eyes, staring at empty space. Could it be that he was indeed dead to her—that he would not come back? Oh, surely not. That parting could not be final. It was not possible that he could pluck her from his heart so easily; she, who on her side felt as if she were verily a part of himself, a mere subordinate being that could have no existence without him. She felt all this in spite of her season of independent pleasure; in spite of these last few months in which he had had no share in her life. Her lower instincts had been gratified by those vanities and dissipations; the nobler half of her being belonged to him, and held itself apart from all the world besides.

"He will come back to me," she said to herself. "If I had not thought that, I could never have let him go. I should have groveled at his feet, thrown myself between him and the door, clung to him as a shipwrecked sailor clings to a floating spar, rather than let him leave me forever."

Buoyed up by this belief, Elizabeth supported her existence with a tolerable show of calm; was even able to go to a dinner-party that evening—a dinner in Montague Square—at which there was no fear of meeting Lord Paulyn; looked very lovely, in spite of her pallor, if not her best; sang and talked and laughed, with that low, silent laugh which was one of her fascinations; and altogether delighted Mrs. Chevenix, who had expected to see her niece stricken down utterly for a day or two.

"He will come back to me," the girl was saying to herself all the evening. "There will be a letter, perhaps, waiting for me when we go home."

All that day she had been expecting his return, or at the least some tender, remorseful letter; but the day had passed and he had made no sign. Then she told herself that his anger could hardly cool all at once; he had been very angry, no doubt, though he had borne himself like a rock. Not all at once could he discover how essential she was to his life.

How eager she was for the return to Eaton Place! how more than usually wearisome seemed that endless small-talk about flower-shows and picture-galleries, and opera-singers and classical music! She fancied how the letter would be handed to her by her aunt's pompous servingman—the dear letter with its superscription in that noble hand. How she would snatch it from the salver, and run up to her own room to devour its contents in happy solitude! She could almost fancy how it would begin:

"My dearest—forgive me!"

They were at home at last; but the servingman, who looked sleepy, brought her no salver.

"Any letters, Plomber?" she asked, with well-assumed carelessness.

"No, ma'am."

"Did you expect any thing particular?" Mrs. Chevenix inquired.

"No; only I thought there might have been one from—from Gerty or Di."

"What can people at Hawleigh have to write about?" said her aunt, contemptuously.

The girl went straight to her room, heart-sick.

"He will come back to me to-morrow," she said.

To-morrow came, but brought no tidings of Malcolm Forde—a dreary day, the longest Elizabeth ever remembered in her life—which had contained many days that were dull enough and blank enough in all conscience.

Lord Paulyn came, as he had come on the previous afternoon; but he was not allowed to see Miss Luttrell. She was ill, Mrs. Chevenix told him, really prostrate. "Such a sensitive nature, dear Lord Paulyn! so much imagination! I'm afraid I must take her down to Brighton for change of air."

The Viscount departed unwillingly, displeased at this interruption of his smaller pleasures, the trifling talk and tea-drinking, in the hour he had been wont of old to devote to more masculine diversions—horsey talk at a horsey club, or a lounge at Tattersall's.

But although he was thus banished by the diplomatic matron, Elizabeth was not really ill. She was only white and wan, with blank tearless eyes, the living image of despair. Not in a condition to be seen by a young nobleman who aspired to decorate her brow with a coronet—a lifeless creature, whose tenure of happiness hung on a thread. Would he come or write? Would he forgive her, and take her back to his heart?

"Why did I ever come to London?" she asked herself, with a curious wonder at her own folly.

The cup of pleasure, being drained to the dregs, had left an after-flavor of exceeding bitterness. She looked back to those sweet peaceful days at Hawleigh, to that spring-time of life and love, when her heart had been exultant with a girl's triumph in her first conquest, and remembered how averse Malcolm Forde had been to the idea of this visit. And for such empty trifles, for the vapid pleasures of a London season, a few balls, a few picnics—at best only the old Hawleigh dances and picnics upon a larger scale—she had jeopardized that dearest treasure; for so childish a vanity as seeing this unknown world of good society, she had imperiled and lost the confidence of her lover!

Other to-morrows came and faded, and still there was no sign of relenting on the part of Malcolm Forde. And still the girl's white face and absent manner forbade the admission of visitors. Lord Paulyn was impatient, sullen even, with a sense of injury, as if he had been an accepted lover unduly kept at bay. Upon one particular afternoon, feeling his disappointment acutely—he had brought a fresh bouquet of stephanotis and maiden-hair every afternoon, waxen blossoms which had bloomed and languished unheeded by Elizabeth's dull eyes—he gave free utterance to his vexation, and in a communicative mood poured his griefs into the maternal bosom of Mrs. Chevenix. It was uncommonly hard, he urged, that after all he had put up with and gone through—the amount of nonsense he had stood from Miss Luttrell—she should throw him over the bridge for a parson fellow like that man at Hawleigh.

"My dear Lord Paulyn," replied Mrs. Chevenix, with a confidential air, bending her head a little nearer to the young man, as he sat *à cheval* on his favorite *pouf*, rocking backward and forward drearily, and by that gracious movement besprinkling him lightly with *poudre de Maréchale*, "*that* engagement is one which I have a secret conviction can not be enduring. If I had not entertained such an opinion I should never have encouraged—I will go farther, and say I would never have sanctioned—your frequent presence in this house. No"—this with a lofty air, as of sublimest virtue—"I have too much regard for what is due to myself, as well as to you; I am no slave of rank or wealth. If I did not think that you were eminently suited to my niece, and Mr. Forde as eminently unsuited to her, I should not have lent my support to an intimacy which could have but one result. Elizabeth is a girl whom to know is to love."

"I'm not sure about that," said the young man, not deeply moved by this solemn address. "She's rather a queer girl, take her altogether; fools a man to the top of his bent one day, and snubs him the next; gives herself no end of airs, as if the world and every body in it had been made to order for her. But she's the handsomest woman in London, and she has a peculiar way of her own that no man can stand against. I hadn't known her a fortnight before I made up my mind I'd marry her. But I didn't go to work rashly, for all that; I left Hawleigh without committing myself; gave myself time to find out if it was a serious case with me."

Mrs. Chevenix gave an impatient sigh.

"If you had been a shade less cautious, and had spoken out at once, you might have prevented this foolish affair with Mr. Forde," she said.

"Yes, but I pride myself upon knowing what I'm about—not putting my horse at a fence unless I know what's on the other side of it. And the worst of this Forde business is that she's desperately fond of him—has owned as much to me, and gloried in owning it."

"A girl's delusion," said Mrs. Chevenix, soothingly; "the romance of an hour, which will vanish like a summer cloud when the charm of novelty is gone. She has some foolish exalted idea of Mr. Forde's character, a half-religious hallucination that is not likely to last very long."

"I hope not," replied the Viscount, in his matter-of-fact way. "At any rate, I mean to stand my ground; only it's rather wearing for a man's temper. I wanted the whole business settled and done with by the end of this season. I've all manner of engagements for my yachts and stable. I must be at Goodwood at the end of this month, and I've a sailing match at Havre the first week in August; then come German steeple-chases. I've wasted more time than I ever wasted in my life before upon this affair."

"Be assured of my entire sympathy," murmured Mrs. Chevenix.

"Oh yes, of course, I know you are all there," answered the hapless lover, carelessly. "I've known all along you'd be on my side. It isn't likely you'd back that plater"—by which contemptuous epithet he described his rival. "But I should like to see the wind-up of this engagement, or," almost savagely, "I should like to get Elizabeth Luttrell out of my head, and be my own man again."

Mrs. Chevenix shuddered. This hint of a sudden wrench, a violent effort to emancipate himself, on the part of the Viscount, filled her soul with consternation.

"I am doing very wrong," she exclaimed, with a sudden gush of friendship. "It is a breach of confidence for which I shall hardly be able to forgive myself; but I can't bear to see you suffer and to withhold knowledge that might seem consolatory. I have reason to believe that the engagement between my niece and Mr. Forde is at an end."

"What!" cried Reginald Paulyn; "she has thrown him off. She has served him as she serves every body else, blown hot one day and cold the next."

"I have reason to believe that they have quarreled," Mrs. Chevenix said, mysteriously.

"What, has she seen him lately?"

"She has; and since I have gone so far—on the impulse of the moment, prompted only by my sympathy with your depth of feeling—I must go still farther. The quarrel was about you. Mr. Forde had seen some paragraph associating your names—a marriage in high life—something absurd of that kind."

"Yes, I know; Cinqmars showed me the newspaper. It was his doing, I fancy. Mrs. Cinqmars has taken me under her wing, and no doubt inspired the paragraph, with the notion that it might bring matters to a crisis."

"It has produced a crisis," said Mrs. Chevenix, solemnly, "and a very painful one for Elizabeth. The poor girl is utterly crushed."

"She was so fond of that beggar!" muttered Lord Paulyn, gloomily.

"Perhaps not so much on that account as for the humiliation involved in such an idea. To be accused of having played fast and loose, of having encouraged your attentions while she was engaged to him. And now, between you both, she finds herself abandoned, standing alone in the world, perhaps the mark for slander."

"Abandoned! standing alone!" cried Lord Paulyn, starting up from his low chair as if he would have rushed off at once in quest of a marriage-license. "Why, she must know that I am ready to marry her to-morrow!"

This was just the point at which Mrs. Chevenix could afford to leave him.

"My dear young friend," she exclaimed, "moderate your feelings, I entreat. She is not a girl to be taken by storm. Let her recover from the shock she has received; then, while her heart is still sore, wounded, weary with a sense of its own emptiness—then urge your suit once more, and I have little doubt that you will conquer; that the contrast between your generous, all-confiding affection and Mr. Forde's jealous tyranny will awaken the purest and truest emotions of her heart."

This was a more exalted style of language than Reginald Paulyn cared about—a kind of thing which, in his own simple and forcible vocabulary, he denominated "humbug"—but the main fact was pleasing to him: Elizabeth had dismissed, or had been deserted by, her plighted lover. The ground was cleared for himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the great interest manifested at the present time in the subject of the economical food fishes, as shown by the efforts taken to prevent their destruction and to increase their numbers by artificial propagation, to cultivate them in unusual localities, etc., we should not lose sight of what had already been done in earlier years in the same direction. Without referring to the practice of the Romans, or to the labors extended through so many centuries in stocking fishponds with carp and other species, we may recall the experiments of a more recent date by Mr. J. B. ARNOLD, of Guernsey, as long ago as 1839, detailed in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for August, 1831. This gentleman had a lake of about five acres in extent near the sea-coast, and principally supplied with fresh-water. Its bottom was muddy, gravelly, and rocky. During nine months of the year the water was drinkable for cattle, but, in consequence of a supply received through a tunnel which communicated with the sea, was rather salt in summer.

He introduced into this lake the gray mullet, bass, smelt, and various species of the flat-fish, such as the sole, turbot, brill, and plaice. All these were found to thrive admirably well and to increase in numbers, the gray mullet especially having bred as freely as in the sea itself. The experiment was continued for many years with the most favorable results. According to Mr. ARNOLD, it was thought that hybrid fishes were produced in this way, as several were taken in the vicinity unknown to fishermen well acquainted with the species on the coast. He adds that the sea fishes, after being naturalized in his lake, were transported to ponds of spring water, where they not only lived, but did well. Such fish were apparently more tenacious of life than those caught in the sea, and were more capable of resisting successfully the injurious effects of transportation in a small quantity of water for long distances.

From a recent communication in *Cap and Gown* we learn that there has been erected a small observatory on the Columbia College campus for educational, and we hope also for scientific, purposes. The observatory is furnished with an equatorial, accompanied by a seven-prism spectroscope, by CLARK, and a position micrometer, besides an altazimuth and a zenith telescope.

For several years past Mr. PAUL BERT, of Paris, Professor of Physics in the Faculty of Science, has been making very extensive and laborious investigations upon respiration in compressed atmospheres, and on other points of great physiological interest. It is stated in *Les Mondes* that this has been done at the expense of Dr. JOURDONET, who makes a specialty of treating diseases in rarefied or condensed atmospheres.

Professor SELWYN, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, has just published a report of the progress of that useful work during the years 1871–72. This is largely occupied by an account of a geological reconnaissance in British Columbia made by direction of the Canadian government. The expedition was well provided with scientific assistants, and accompanied by a photographer, and in the preliminary report embraced in the present volume will be found some interesting details. Special attention was paid to the gold deposits, as also to the coal beds, both on the main-land and on Vancouver Island.

The survey has experienced a severe loss in the removal of Professor T. STERRY HUNT, one of the earliest and most efficient members, to Boston, where he has taken charge of the chair formerly held by Professor WILLIAM B. ROGERS in the Institute of Technology.

Professor WYMAN has concluded, as the result of explorations among the shell mounds of Florida during the past winter, that the aborigines by whom they were constructed must have been decided cannibals, as in eight different instances he has found considerable quantities of human bones in the shell heaps, the bones themselves being broken up and split, just as in the case of the bones of other animals. This, he is satisfied, was not the result of burial, but was done for the purpose of obtaining the marrow, probably after the flesh had been devoured.

The daily *National Republican*, of Washington, quotes from a letter received from Liberia, giving the information that an English party had just arrived in that republic for the purpose of ascending the Congo River to its source, and thence across to join Dr. LIVINGSTONE. Another expedition was composed of two French gentlemen, who expected to spend two years in exploring the interior from the Gaboon and the adjacent rivers.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK announces the discovery, by Mr. FRANK CALVERT, near the Dardanelles, of what he considers to be conclusive evidences of the existence of man during the miocene period. Among these is a fragment of a bone, belonging probably to the *Dinotherium*, or the mastodon, on the convex side of which is engraved a representation of a horned quadruped, "with arched neck, lozenge-shaped chest, long body, straight fore-legs, and broad feet." There are also, according to Mr. CALVERT, traces of seven or eight other figures, which, however, are nearly obliterated. He also found in the same stratum a flint flake and several bones, broken, as if for the extraction of marrow. If this discovery be genuine (it yet is far from being credible), it would appear to prove not only that man existed in the miocene period, but that he had already made at least some progress in art.

A large number of the best private collections of birds in London have been concentrated at No. 6 Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, which will probably become hereafter the head-quarters of the active London ornithologists. Among these collections is a very valuable one of the birds of the Old World and of North America, belonging to Mr. HENRY E. DRESSER; also the American collection of Messrs. SALVIN and GODMAN, and the Old World series of Lord LILFORD and Captain SHELLEY. This location is also in close proximity to the offices of the Zoological Society, where the secretary, Mr. SCLATER, keeps his unrivaled collection of New World species.

The second part of the *Birds of Florida*, by Mr. C. J. MAYNARD, has just been published by the American Naturalist Agency, at Salem, and gives an account of the nut-hatches, wrens, and warblers of the peninsula. As in the first number, there are numerous original observations in this in regard to the habits of the Florida birds, which will be read with much interest.

The Legislature of Michigan has just passed a law providing for the establishment of a Board of Fish Commissioners, to consist of the Governor and two persons (GEORGE CLARK, of Ecorse, and GEORGE H. JEROME, of Niles) appointed by him. Their duty is to supervise the execution of all the laws now existing or hereafter to be made in relation to the fisheries, and to carry out the same. More especially they are to take charge of the artificial propagation of fish, and to report the result of their labors to the Legislature. An appropriation of $15,000 is made for the next two years.

Wisconsin had previously made an appropriation of $500 for the same purpose, its expenditure to be under the direction of Professor BAIRD, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. So far, Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio are the only lake States that have not recognized this interest, and initiated steps for its promotion. Pennsylvania has just made a liberal appropriation for the purpose, and it is hoped that New York will not hesitate to continue to furnish the necessary appropriations. At present the entire series of New England and Middle States, with the exception of Delaware, have taken steps in the same direction. Nothing has been done by Maryland and Virginia, nor any of the more Southern or Western States except Alabama. California, it is well known, has a very efficient board.

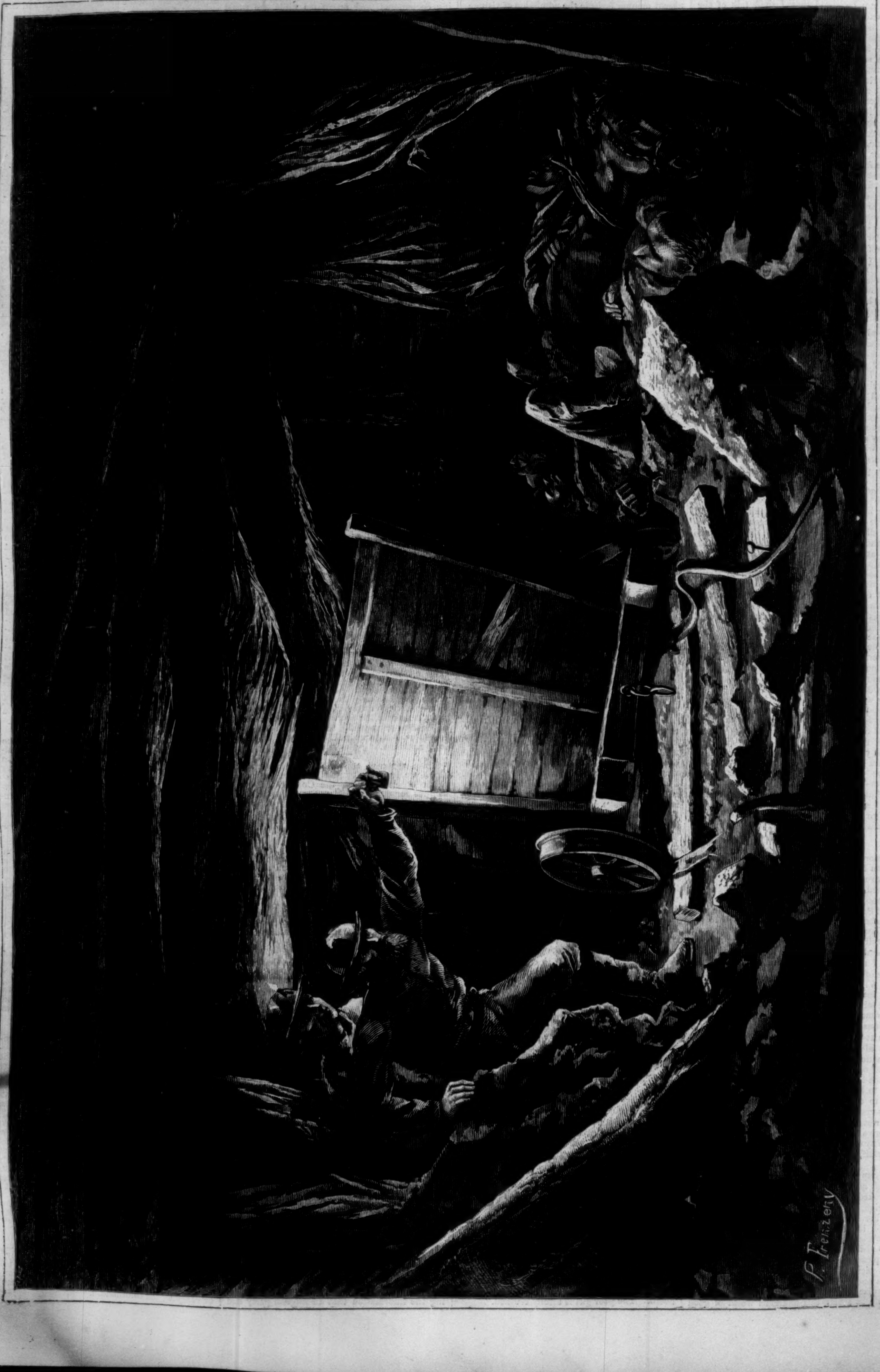
Professor MOHN insists upon the claim of the Norwegians to the discovery, in 1872, of the island to the east of Spitzbergen, called by them King Carl Land, after King Carl XV. of Norway and Sweden. English writers, however, insist that this is the same as the Wiche Land, discovered by EDGE in 1617. This is disputed by PETERMANN, on the ground that the position given to Wiche Land on the map is considerably south of King Carl Land, and in a region where there is nothing but water.

A new geographical society has recently been organized at Amsterdam, under the title of the Geographical Society of the Netherlands. The names of the gentlemen concerned in this movement are a sufficient guarantee that the new institution will be one of the first class of efficiency.

TACCHINI reports that, during January of this year, he has observed quite remarkable changes in the appearance of the belts of Jupiter. The belts were no longer parallel to his equator as usual; but from the equator southward were seen numerous brilliant white spots, and also many black spots surrounded by white. These, and other appearances, are evidently due to some peculiar alterations in the planet, and TACCHINI calls upon all having good telescopes to give special attention to this planet.

The fate of M. MICLUCHO MACLAY still continues to excite much interest. It may be remembered that this gentleman left Cronstadt in November, 1870, upon the Russian corvette *Witjas*, for the purpose of exploring the island of New Guinea, arriving there on the 20th of September, 1871. He was landed on the eastern side of the island, in the gulf of Astrolaba, where he selected a place for his future abode, and was aided by the crew of the corvette in the construction of his residence. Various precautions were taken to secure him against any hostile attack; but it was subsequently ascertained that the region selected by him was exceedingly unfavorable, that it was in the vicinity of a tribe of cannibals, that it was very unhealthy, and was so situated that no signal of distress could be seen on the coast.

The next news in regard to him was to the effect that a ship subsequently calling at the location in question found evidences of a severe struggle, and that in all probability the explorer had perished in the contest. Word was, however, afterward received that M. MACLAY had embarked on a vessel arriving at Astrolaba Bay, and had been transferred, with all his men, to Sumlaya, to which point, it is stated, a Russian corvette has recently proceeded for the purpose of verifying the information.



HORRORS OF THE MINE—AFTER THE EXPLOSION.—[See Page 469.]

TRAVELING IN SPAIN—FROM TAFALLA TO PAMPELUNA.

TRAVELING IN SPAIN.

Our railways nowadays appear to be contrivances of the most pacific character, associated only with the conveyance of coal-trucks and cattle and bales of merchandise and passengers; but in countries where war rages, especially civil war, they are found to play a very important part, not only for their obvious use in conveying troops and material of war, but as objects of offense and defense. The reason is, that the railway monopolizes the traffic of a district far more than its predecessor, the road, and therefore its destruction and its preservation become (according to the relative convenience of the two contending parties) objects of the highest importance. During the civil war in this country rails were always being pulled up or replaced, bridges were perpetually being burned or reconstructed by Federals and Confederates; and now the same game is being played by the Carlists and the government troops in the north of Spain. The sketches on this page afford some idea of the state of affairs in the ancient kingdom of Navarre. The artist, M. Bichard, says: "On taking our tickets at Saragossa we were told that we should be obliged to perform the journey from Tafalla to Pampeluna in a carriage, as the rails had been torn up. However, on arriving at Tafalla we found that the line was repaired, and the place occupied by the military. At the head of the bridge soldiers and National Guards were grouped round small works of defense; all the railway stations between Tafalla and Pampeluna were fortified and loop-holed; soldiers were visible on the heights, and often descended to the verge of the line, muskets in hand, ready to fire. The journey was made without mishap, though, as this was the first train that had passed for upward of three months, the peasants and country people gazed at it with a kind of wonder." We also give the portraits of the famous fighting curé of Santa Cruz, whose exactions and murders have earned him a terrible reputation throughout the Peninsula, and of Dorregarray, a notable Carlist leader, who fought in the old Carlist rebellion of 1836–40, and also distinguished himself in the Morocco war and in the Cuban insurrection. It is said that Santa Cruz has made himself obnoxious even to his own followers by his tyranny and exactions. He claims the lion's share of the plunder obtained in the raids upon villages and railroad trains, and is believed to be watching his opportunity to escape into France with his ill-gotten gains.

HORRORS OF THE MINE.

The recklessness of miners is proverbial. Exposed to constant danger in the most fearful form imaginable, they become careless of peril, and unless kept under the strictest discipline will neglect the most ordinary precautions against the disasters which wait on failure to observe the measures devised for their safety. It is well known that they will open their safety-lamps in the most dangerous localities, either to obtain

more light or to light their pipes. Some of the worst calamities which have occurred in coal mines have been traced directly to the carelessness of the miners themselves. But if careless through constant life in the presence of danger, they are no less brave and self-sacrificing when required to face death for the rescue of their fellow-miners. Before the first terror of the explosion has subsided, while the mine is still full of lurking dangers, the first call for volunteers to descend the pit is answered by brave men who take their life in their hands and go down into the terrible darkness to encounter such scenes as the one depicted by our artist in the illustration on page 468. On every side lie the dead, who a few hours before were full of life, energy, and hope. Their blackened remains are tenderly gathered and brought up to the light, which they will never see again. The mine is cleared of noxious vapor, work goes on as before, and in a few months, perhaps, the tragedy is repeated.

The latest coal-mine horror is that of the Drummond Colliery, at Westville, Nova Scotia, which occurred on the 13th of May. The official inquiry, held the next day, showed that the disaster was occasioned by the employment of gunpowder in a lode well known to be dangerous, but where the miners would not work unless allowed to use powder, as the labor would not otherwise pay at the price given by the company. The gas in this lode was fired by the explosion, and though every effort was made to extinguish the flames, they gained such headway that word was passed to all the men in the mine—over seventy in number—to save themselves. One or two succeeded in doing so, but before the others could make their way out a terrific explosion occurred, and dense volumes of smoke and flame shot up from the openings. The manager of the mine, who descended on the first alarm of fire, was among the lost.

Several violent explosions followed the first, and throughout the day and the whole of the succeeding night enormous columns of smoke and flame shot up from the shafts to an immense height. There were constant explosions, preceded by low rumbling sounds, like distant thunder; and when the explosion took place the people in the vicinity of the shafts were compelled to seek shelter from the falling stones and débris ejected from the mine. Of four volunteers who went down, in the vain hope of saving life, three were killed by one of these explosions. Another brave volunteer was hurled by an explosion over one hundred feet into the air, and his mangled remains were found next day at a distance from the shaft.

When all hope of saving life was lost the air-shafts were closed with clay, and every exertion was made to put out the flames, which it was feared might extend to another colliery not far distant. At latest accounts all danger was believed to be over. The number of lives lost by this fearful disaster was over seventy.

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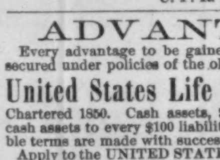

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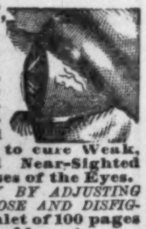

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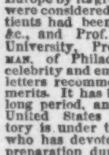

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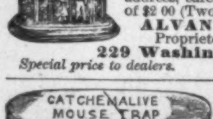

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The undersigned trustees, under the supervision and direction of the undersigned masters appointed in the decree, will, on Friday, the sixth day of June, 1873, in the city of New Orleans, in front of the postoffice of the said city between the hours of eleven o'clock A. M. and three o'clock P. M., proceed to sell the following property described in the said mortgage or deed in four separate parcels, as hereinafter described, at public auction for cash to the highest bidder. First, all that portion of the main line of the railroad of the said New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad Company, located or to be located between the cities of New Orleans and Mobile, and within the said cities and upon the lands, buildings, machinery, rolling stock and other real and personal property, and the franchises, tolls, rights and privileges pertaining and exclusively belonging to said portion of the main line of the said railroad, and separately used with the same and branches and roads connecting thereunto, including all the depots, station houses, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, storehouses, wharves, warehouses, wood houses, machine shops, repair shops, business offices and other shops, offices and buildings now owned or possessed by said corporation, together with the superstructure and iron rails and its appurtenances, rolling stock, engines, cars, tenders, tools, machinery, steamboats, tugboats, and their tackle, apparel and furniture, and other personal property and stock in connecting roads used as aforesaid, and the ferry rights across the Mississippi river. Second, all that portion of the road commencing at the point Westwego, opposite the city of New Orleans, on the west bank of the Mississippi river, and extending along the track of road for a distance of seventy miles, with all the rights of the said corporation in the said portion of the main line; together with the lands, buildings, machinery, stock and other real and personal property, and the franchises, tolls, rights, privileges pertaining add exclusively belonging to the said portion of the said road, and separately used with the same, and including depots, station houses, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, store houses, wharves, warehouses, sheds, machine shops, offices and buildings, in connection with the said portion of road west of Mississippi river, together with the superstructure, iron rails and appurtenances; also, the rolling stock, engines, cars, tenders, tools, steamboats, machinery, and other boats and vessels, and their tackle, apparel and furniture, fuel, materials and other personal property appertaining to and used with the constructing, repairing or carrying on the business of this portion of the road separately and exclusively. Third, all that portion of the main line of said road, located or to be located from the point on the road seventy miles from Westwego, and extending westerly through the State of Louisiana to the Sabine river, with all the lands, buildings, rights of way, superstructions, franchises, tolls, privileges, depots, stations, or other rights of way of the said corporation, or which may be held or conveyed by the said trustees or under this decree with the connecting roads, either located or surveyed or to be located and surveyed, in the State of Louisiana, and which appertains to the said road or connecting roads or branch roads of that portion of the said road within the said State. Fourth, all of the road from the Sabine river to the city of Houston, in the State of Texas, with all the lands, right of way, superstructions, buildings, depots, stations, station houses, shops, rolling stock, machinery, materials, appertaining or belonging to the line of road from the Sabine river aforesaid to the city of Houston and exclusively belonging to the same, and any other real and personal property, franchises, rights of way, tolls, grants of privileges not herein described, and which are included in the said deed, and it is to be understood that the sale under this deed of trust and the decree herein mentioned is to be subject to a deed of trust bearing date the first day of January, 1869, by the said corporation to Oakes Ames and Edwin D. Morgan, trustees, which affects that portion of the said road and property before mentioned, lying within the cities of New Orleans and Mobile and between the said cities, and is not to impair in any manner the incumbrance aforesaid or the rights under the said deed. The said mortgage or deed to said parties being made to secure a uniform series of bonds of four thousand in number, and each for one thousand dollars, with interest coupons attached of forty dollars each, payable semi-annually on the 1st of January and July of each year, and bearing even date with the mortgage, and which is referred to in the said mortgage or deed of trust to the plaintiff in this suit. And it is further understood that the property included in the second and third or other parcels above described being the property lying westerly of the city of New Orleans and the Mississippi river, in the States of Louisiana and Texas, shall be subject to the mortgages or deeds of trust executed by the said corporation under the power reserved in the deed mortgage of trust described in the proceedings in this cause to issue bonds to an amount in the aggregate not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars per mile for each mile of the railroad or railroads constructed west of the Mississippi river, which power has been executed by the said corporation by the execution of a mortgage executed to Oakes Ames and Edwin D. Morgan, dated the 15th day of March, 1870, whereby an issue of bonds to the amount of twelve thousand five hundred dollars per mile was provided for upon all the tract of road in the State of Louisiana, and the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for all of the track west of the Louisiana line and lying in the State of Texas, which mortgage was modified by an act of mortgage dated 1st January, 1872, but does not increase the amount of the incumbrances; and also a further mortgage, bearing date 1st July, 1870, securing the payment of the second mortgage bonds guaranteed by the State of Louisiana, and which mortgage is an incumbrance on the railroad of said corporation to the west of the Mississippi river and extending to the Sabine river, and all other mortgages existing under said power. There will be prepared twenty days before the day of sale an inventory of the property to be sold in the different parcels, and copies of the mortgages will be in the hands of the Masters for exhibition to any person desiring to purchase. The power to the trustees to bid for the bondholders is reserved in the decree. The Trustees and the Masters will give information of the matter entrusted to them prior to the sale.

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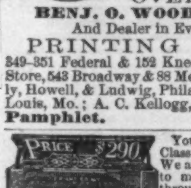

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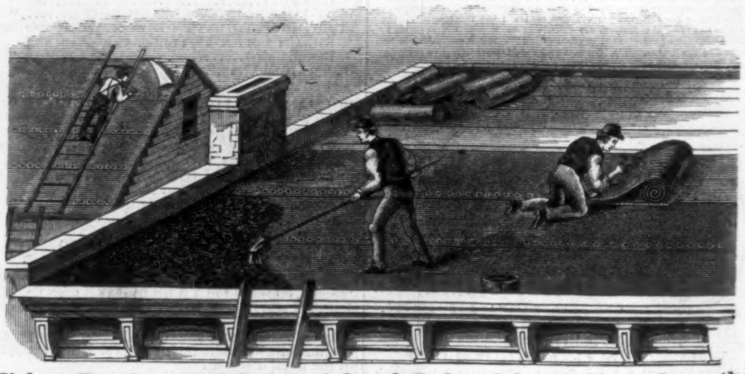

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LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW ZEALANDER.
THE ROW.
THE DOCKS—THE "CONCORDIA."
A MORNING RIDE.
THE TIDE OF BUSINESS IN THE CITY.
A GREENWICH BOAT TRAVELER.
RESTING ON THE BRIDGE.
A SALE AT TATTERSALL'S.
A BALL AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.
FOUND IN THE STREET.

THE NEW ZEALANDER.

PREFACE.

"Earth has not any thing to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air."—WORDSWORTH.
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803.

"How many?" the Brighton landlord asks, as the loaded carriages drive to the door. The din of arrivals for Goodwood—of the opening of the Sussex fortnight—is all around me while I prepare to give the patient reader some account of the original conception, and, I fear, the imperfect carrying out, of this Pilgrimage through the Great World of London. It was in the early morning—such a morning as broke upon Wordsworth in September, about seventy years ago—that it was first conceived. Also it was in the happier days of France, when war seemed nearly as far off from Paris as the New Zealander appears to be still from the ruins of London Bridge, that the plan of a Pilgrimage through the mighty City was discussed seriously. The idea grew upon the Pilgrims day by day. Notes accumulated upon notes. As we sailed, the sea seemed still to broaden. There would be no end to it. It would be the toil of a lifetime to gather in the myriad shapes of interminable London.

I proposed that we should open with a general description of the river—from Sheerness to Maidenhead; and we were to arrive by the London boat from Boulogne. I insisted it was the only worthy way. As the English coast is made, a white fog is thrown about the ship, daintily as a bride is veiled. The tinkling of bells is heard

THE ROW.

around. We anchor. Our whistle answers the screams of other ships. We are of a fleet in a fog: undoubtedly near England. It is a welcome and an exquisite sight when the first faint beaming of the morning light smiles through imprisoning vapor. The lifting of the silver veil, as I have watched it, vanishing into the blue above, leaving the scene crystal clear, is a transformation that would give the Pilgrims, it seemed to me, the best first glimpse of Albion, and the broad mouth of the silent highway to London. The water alive with ships; the ancient ports nested in the chalk; the Reculvers brought to the edge of the rock; the flaunting braveries of Ramsgate and Margate, with the ship-loads of holiday folks passing to and from the Pool; the lines of ocean ships and coasting vessels bearing, as far as the eye can reach, out from the immortal river, with the red Nore light at the mouth; the war monsters lying in the distance by Sheerness; the scores of open fishing boats working for Billingsgate Market; the confusion of flags and the astonishing varieties of build and rigging—are a surprise absolutely bewildering to all who have the faculty of observation, and pass to London, this way, for the first time. The entrance to the Thames, which calls to the mind of the lettered Englishman Spenser's "Bridal of Thames and Medway," is a glorious scene, with Sheerness fronted by guard-ships for central point of interest. Between the Nore and Gravesend are places of interest, as the by-gone fishing station, Leigh, that once rivaled Hamburg with the luscious sweetness of its grapes. Unlikelier spot to woo the sun to the vine was never seen. Then there is Cliffe, that was Bishop's Cliffe in the time of William the Conqueror. But spots of antiquarian and of human interest come and go, to the pulses of the paddles, at every bend of the stream. Higham, the ancient corn station; Tilbury; the anchored merchant fleet off Gravesend; Gadshill, that lies away from the shore, full of pleasant and sad memories; Long Reach, where the united Cray and Darent fall into the Thames; Purfleet; Erith, gay with river yachts; Hornchurch, where are famous pasturages; Woolwich and Shooter's Hill, whither the Tudor princes went a-Maying; Blackwall and Greenwich, redolent of white-bait.

A tempting way to travel, had we not been in haste to open upon the heart of London. But by Greenwich we have often lingered and lounged over our work. We watched, one lazy day, the ebb and flow of London's commerce by water from the windows of the "Ship." While the pencil worked—upon the figure of a traveler by Greenwich boat among others—we ran through vast series of subjects to be done.

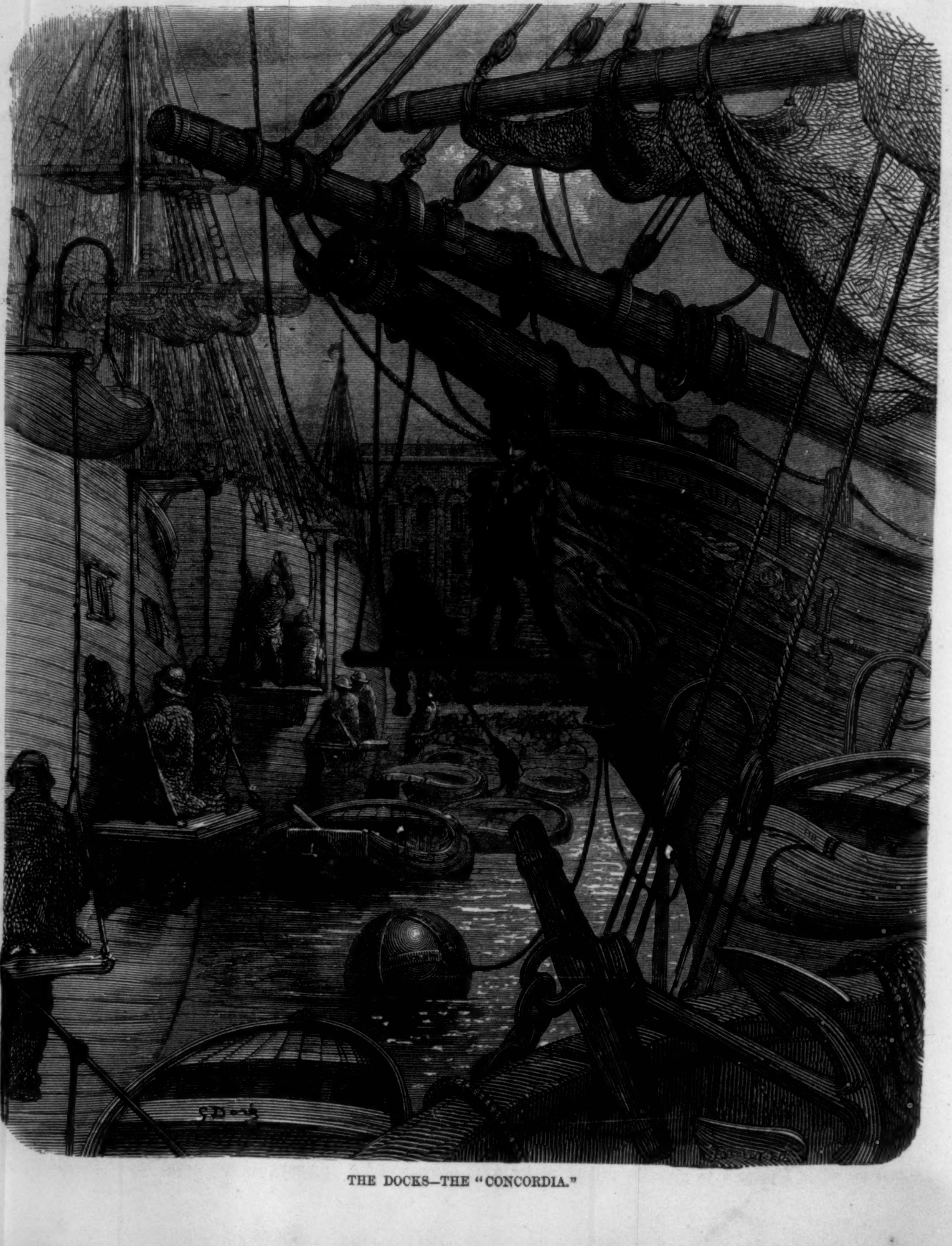
Before us the tugs went to and fro in quest of Indiamen, or towing clippers that were rich with gold from the Antipodes. The hay and straw barges went gently with the tide, and we talked of a sleep upon the hay, under the moon's light, along the silent highway. The barges of stone and grain went in the wake of the hay. The passenger steamboats cleverly rounded them, now and then with the help of a little bad language. The boatmen ashore, fumbling in their dog's-eared pockets, leaned over the railings of the embankment fronting the Hospital, and exchanged occasional gruff words. The Greenwich boys were busy in the mud below, learning to be vagabond men by the help of the thoughtless diners, flushed with wine, who were throwing pence to them. The *Dreadnought* was a splendid bulk of shade against the sky, and looked all the gloom which she folded in her brave wooden walls, big enough to accomplish the Christian boast upon her bulwarks—that her gangways were open to the sick seamen of all nations.

Greenwich without the pensioners is like the Tower without the beef-eaters. The happy, peaceful old men who used to bask against the walls upon the stone benches, realizing Francis Crossley's derivation of the old place—the city of the sun, or Grian-wich, were pleasant fellows to chat with. And they were picturesque withal, and gave a meaning to the galleries under which they hobbled. The Invalides cleared of pensioners, Chelsea without a red coat, the National Gallery pictureless—these would be parallel places to the Hospital at Greenwich as it appeared tenantless. "It is the socket of an eye!" was once a companion's observation.

The Bellot Memorial fronting the Hospital I take to be the finest lesson that could be carved in stone by the banks of the river along which the sailors of all nations are forever passing. It expresses the gratitude of a great maritime nation toward an intrepid foreign sailor, who put his life deliberately in peril, and who lost it, on a mission of help to an illustrious brother sailor. With the name of Franklin that of Bellot will live. This simple obelisk was a suggestive and humanizing fact to look upon by Pilgrims of the two nations concerned in it. It was on our list; but we end our Pilgrimage without it after all. A happier or sunnier spot is not near London—and I cling to Crossley's definition—than the river front of Greenwich on an early summer evening, when the white-bait eaters are arriving, and the cooks are busy in the remote recesses of the "Ship" and the "Trafalgar." During our planning I cited Isaac Disraeli on local descriptions: "The great art, perhaps, of local description is rather a general than a particular view; the details must be left to the imagination; it is suggestive rather than descriptive." He gives us a good illustration of the writer who mistakes detail for pictorial force, Senderg, who, in the "Alaric," gives five hundred verses to the description of a palace, "commencing at the façade, and at length finishing with the garden." If mere detail were descriptive power, an inventory would be a work of high art. The second illustration advanced by Mr. Disraeli is better than the first, because its value has been tested, and by it the feebleness of mere details as agents for the production of a picture to the mind is demonstrated. Mr. Disraeli takes the "Laurentinum" of Pliny. "We can not," he justly remarks, "read his letter to Gallus, which the English reader may, in Melmoth's elegant version, without somewhat participating in the delight of the writer in many of its details; but we can not with the writer form the slightest conception of his villa while he is leading us over from apartment to apartment, and pointing to us the opposite wing, with a 'beyond this,' and a 'not far from thence,' and 'to this apartment another of the same sort,' etc." The details of a Roman villa appear to be laboriously complete—as complete as a valuer could make his statement of the spoons and forks and glasses of the "Trafalgar," the curtains of which are flapping lazily, making the setting sun wink upon our table, while we are talking about the province of the pen and that of the pencil.

Careful translators have bared all the mysteries and recesses of Pliny's meaning to architects, who hereupon have aspired to raise a perfect Roman villa.* "And," says

* "Montfaucon, a most faithful antiquary, in his close translation of the description of this villa, in comparing it with Felibien's plan of the villa itself, observes 'that the architect accommodated his edifice to his translation, but that their notions are not the same; unquestionably,' he adds, 'if the skillful translators were to perform their task separately, there would not be one who agreed with another.'"—ISAAC DISRAELI.



THE DOCKS—THE "CONCORDIA."

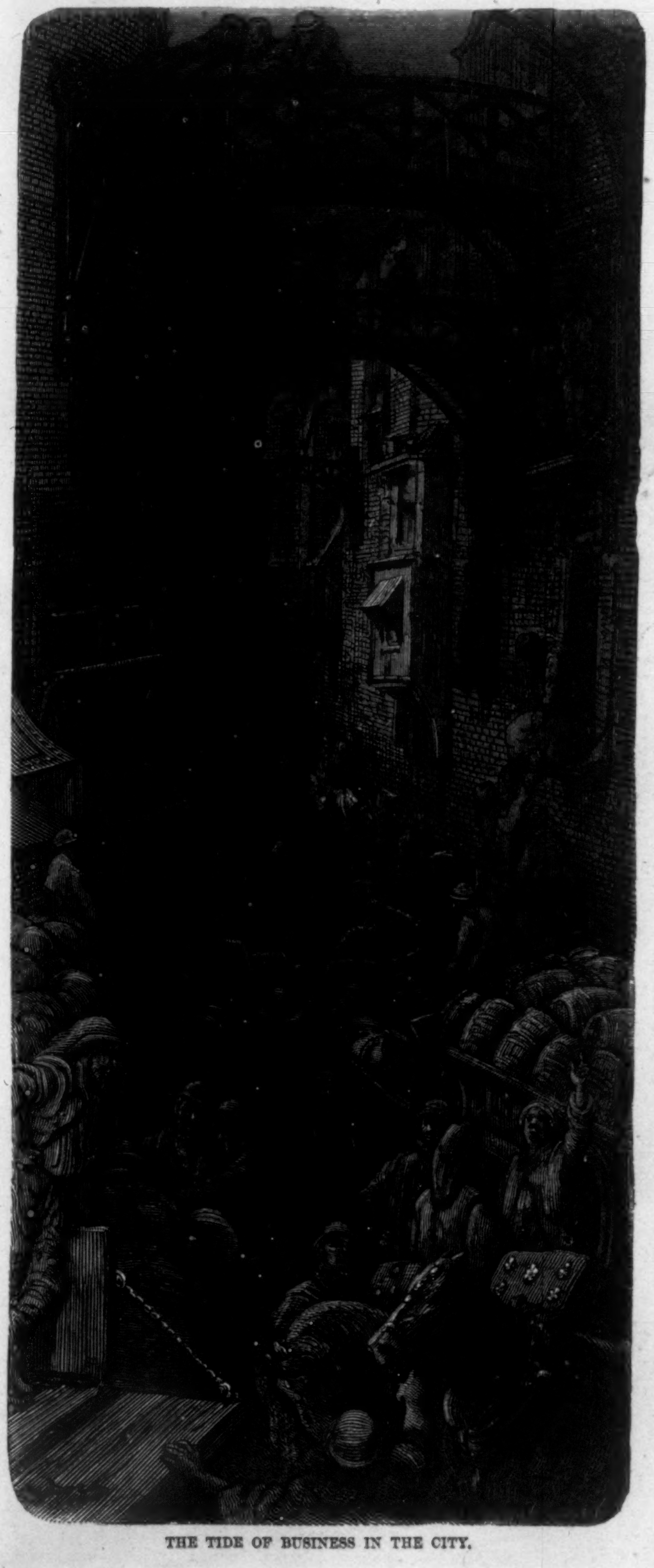
Mr. Disraeli, "this extraordinary fact is the result—that not one of them but has given a representation different from the other!" I remember an instance given me by a writer on London. He had commissioned a colleague to visit Covent Garden early in the morning, and write a faithful and comprehensive description of the scene. The whole produced was minute as the "Laurentinum," and, for power to produce a vivid picture in the mind, as useless. "I assure you," my friend said, "he dwelt on the veins in the cabbage leaves!"

A MORNING RIDE.

Lounging and chatting against the railings of the "Ship," with the after-dinner cigar, the artist catches the suggestion that will realize the scene. A striking pictorial fact is enough. Selection is the artistic faculty. Who that is river-wise does not remember this loaded barge gliding upon the tide into the golden west, or under the beams of the lady moon, when the water was speckled with the lights of the boats and ships, and the larboard and starboard steamer lanterns gave such happy touches of color in the gray-blue of the cold scene!

We agreed that London had nothing more picturesque to show than the phases of her river and her immense docks. And hereabouts we tarried week after week, never wearying of the rich variety of form and color and incident.

My note-books were filled with the studies that were to be made before we entered the streets of London.



THE TIDE OF BUSINESS IN THE CITY.

Smacks, barges, shrimp-boats; the entrance to the Pool; the Thames Police; the ship-building yards; sailors' homes and public-houses; a marine store; groups of dock laborers; the Boulogne boat at St. Catherine's Wharf; the river-side porters; St. Paul's from the river—these are a few of our subjects, selected, and then rejected for others. The art of excision has been throughout a difficult one to practice. Our accumulated material might have filled half a dozen volumes; but herein is the cream—the essence of it.

It is impossible, indeed, to travel about London in search of the picturesque, and not accumulate a bulky store of matter after only a few mornings. The entrance to Doctors' Commons; Paternoster Row; the drinking fountain in the Minories surrounded with ragged urchins; the prodigious beadle at the Bank; the cows in the Mall, with the nurses and children round about; an election in the hall of the Reform Club; clerks at a grill in the City; the "Cheshire Cheese;" Poets' Corner; inside Lincoln's Inn Fields; the old houses in Wych Street; Barnard's Inn; a London cab stand; a pawnbroker's shop on Saturday; the turning out of the police at night; the hospital waiting-room for out-patients—outside the casual ward; the stone-yard in the morning; the pigeons among the lawyers in Guildhall Yard; a London funeral; frozen-out gardeners; a drawing-room; a levée; a sale at Christie's; a mock auction; the happy family; London from the summit of St. Paul's; the Blue-coat boys; Chelsea pensioners; Waterman's Hall, St. Mary-at-Hill, in Lower Thames Street; the coster-mongers; the news-boys—these are only a few of the subjects set down. We repeat, we have taken the cream of them.

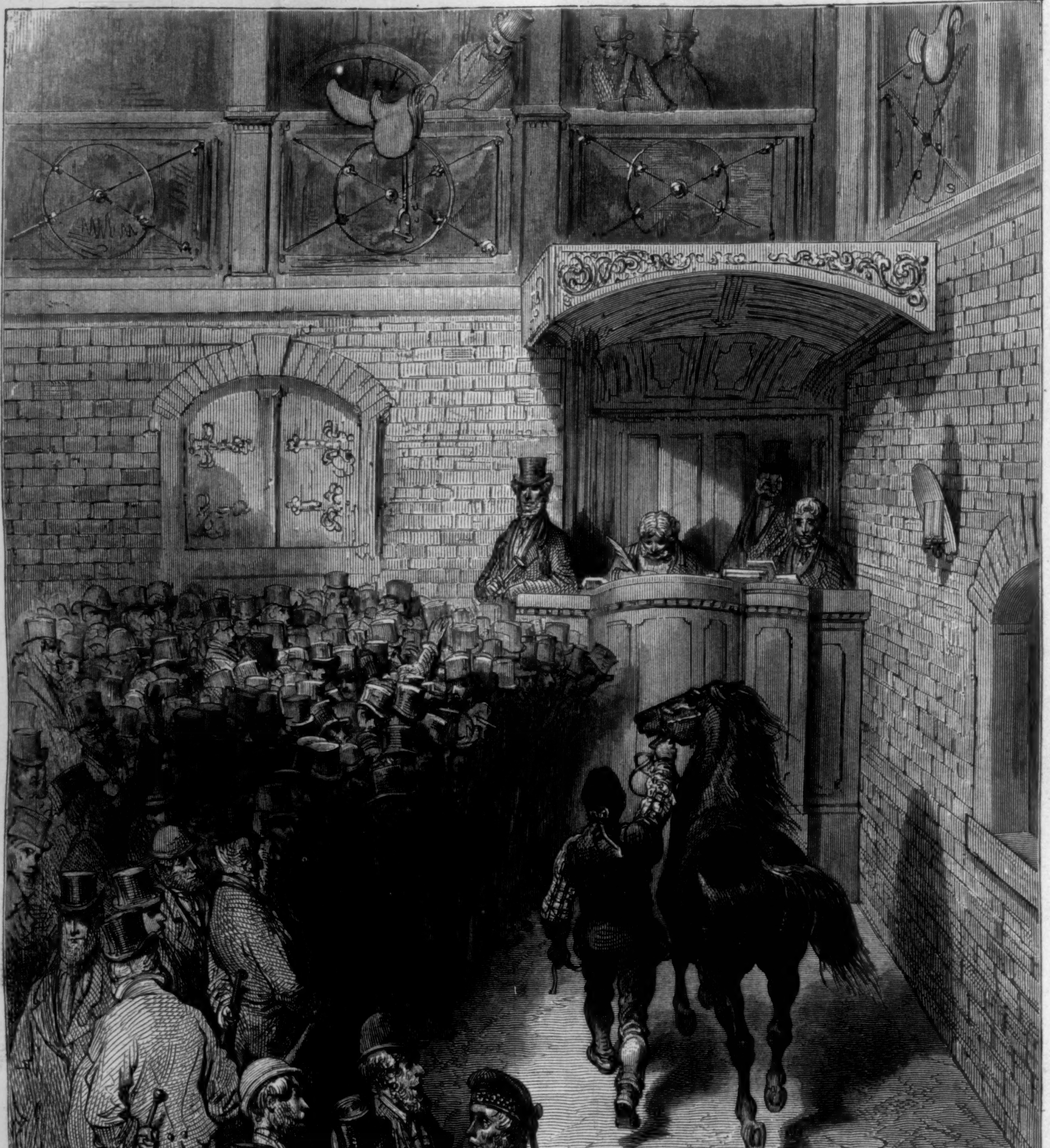
A GREENWICH BOAT TRAVELER.

London an ugly place, indeed! We soon discovered that it abounded in delightful nooks and corners, in picturesque scenes and groups, in light and shade of the most attractive character. The work-a-day life of the metropolis, that to the careless or inartistic eye is hard, angular, and ugly in its exterior aspects, offered us pictures at every street corner.

I planned several chapters on work-a-day London, of which the workman's train and the crowds pressing over London Bridge were to be the key-notes. We were to analyze the crowds of toilers, and present to the reader galleries of types: as, the banker, the stock-broker, the clerk, the shop-boy. Instead of a gallery of types, we have given comprehensive pictures.

A day's business in the City was another subject; and we were to lunch at Lloyd's, go on 'Change, see the Bank cellars, attend the Lord Mayor's Court, note the skippers in Jerusalem Coffee-House, describe St. Martin's-le-Grand at the closing of the boxes; and then to see the weary host retire home by every City artery to the suburbs. Presently we were to study the departments of the State, with the statesmen, judges, peers, and commoners in the neighborhood of Westminster Hall. Sunday in London was a tempting subject on my list. The excursion train; the Crystal Palace on an Odd-Fellows' day and on a fashionable Saturday; a trial at the Old Bailey; a Cow Cross audience; an Irish funeral; a green-grocer's shop, and other

RESTING ON THE BRIDGE.



A SALE AT TATTERSALL'S.

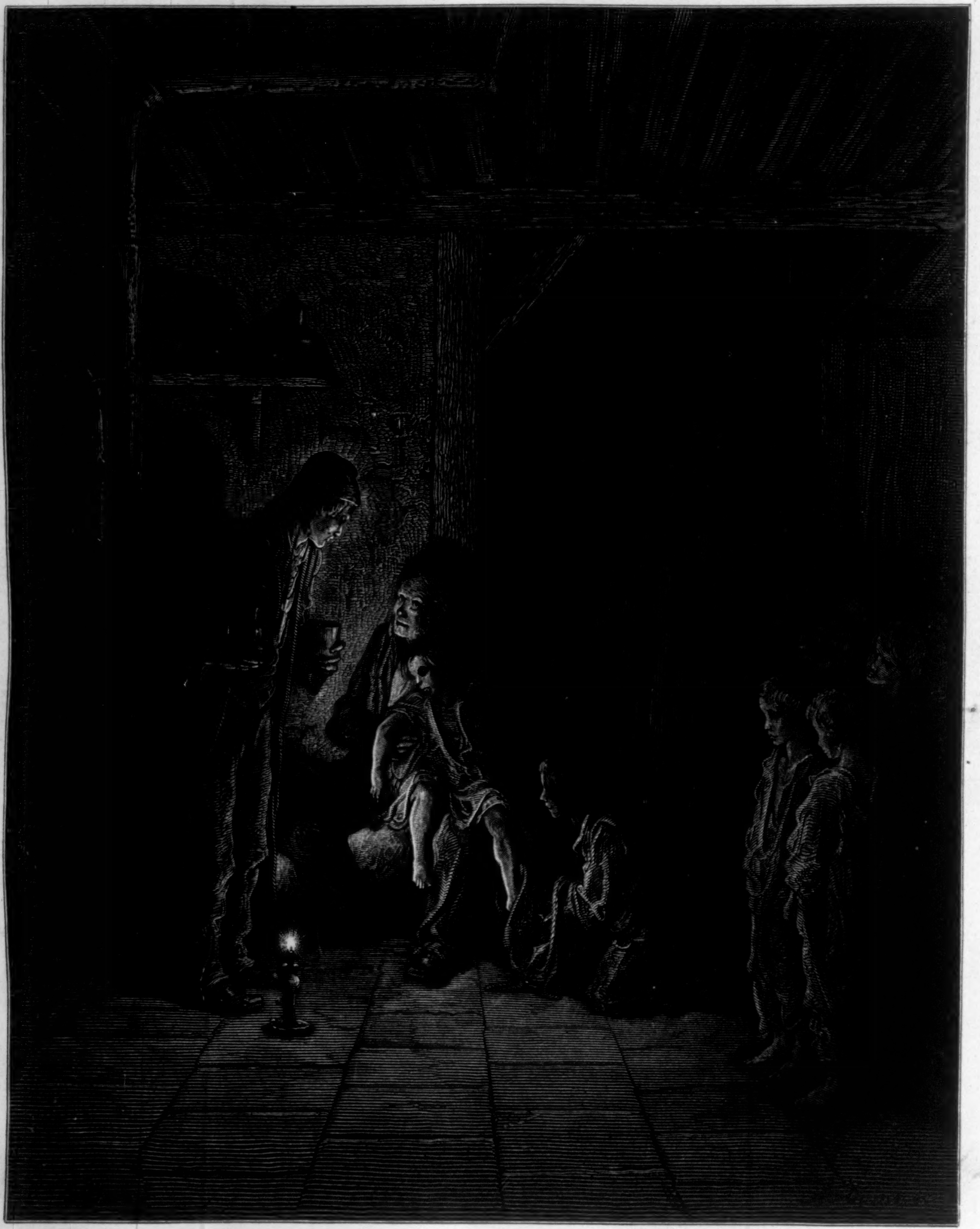
A BALL AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

picturesque shops; the London butcher and his boy; a dust cart and dust-men; street musicians; the boys of London contrasted with the "gamins de Paris!" There are abundant studies of the picturesque in Paris—in the Marais, at Montmartre, and in the neighborhood of the Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève; but I am not sure that there is so much more to tempt the artist's pencil and the writer's pen by the banks of the Seine than we have found lying thick upon our way in our Pilgrimage through the Land of Cockayne.

In the narrow streets and lanes of the City, for instance, we found tumultuous episodes of energetic, money-making life in the most delightful frame-work. Such places as Carter Lane, spanned by bridges from warehouse to warehouse, and pierced with cavernous mouths that are helped to bales of food by noisy cranes, lie in a hundred directions amid the hurly-burly of the City. There is a passage leading from Paternoster Row to St. Paul's Church-yard. It is a slit, through which the Cathedral is seen more grandly than from any other point I can call to mind. It would make a fine, dreamy picture, as we saw it one moonlight night, with some belated creatures resting against the walls in the foreground—mere spots set against the base of Wren's mighty work, that, through the narrow opening, seemed to have its cross set against the sky.

But we had no room for it. It is impossible to put a world in a nutshell. To the best of our judgment we have selected the most striking types, the most completely representative scenes, and the most picturesque features of the greatest city on the face of the globe—given to us to be reduced within the limits of a volume. We have touched the extremes of London life. The valiant work, the glittering wealth, the misery and the charity which assuages it, the amusements and sports of the people, and the diversions of the great and rich, are gathered together between these covers, interpreted by one whose imagination and fancy have thrown new lights upon the pages of Milton, of Cervantes, of Dante, of Hood, of Tennyson, in the companionship of an old friend whose lot has been cast along the highways and by-ways of the two greatest cities of the earth for many years.

The two Pilgrims (whose earliest travel in company was to see the Queen of England land at Boulogne in 1855) have belted London with their foot-prints, and have tarried in many strange places, unfamiliar to thousands who have been life-long dwellers within the sound of Bow-Bells. Wherever human creatures congregate there is interest, in the eye of the artist and the literary observer; and the greatest study of mankind may be profitably pursued on any rung of the social ladder—at the workhouse threshold or by the gates of a palace.



FOUND IN THE STREET.

A RACE WITH DEATH.

"Sir, you're an ass!"

"Sir, I'm not. I came here to sue for your daughter's hand, and—"

"And you expect me to give my daughter to a man who, whatever may be his other qualities, has not a copper in the world to bless himself with!"

"I know I have no money at present, Sir; but I have hopes—"

"A pretty thing to begin housekeeping on! Supposing you were married to-morrow, do you wish to live or die the day after?"

"Live, Sir, of course!"

"Why of course? To live you want food; if you want food, you want money; and as you have no money, you would get no food; and no food means starvation! Do you see that, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir; but—"

"But! There's no but in the case. Now take a bit of advice from me, Mortimer, as one of your father's oldest friends. Go and earn a living; and when you can show me that you can support my daughter if I give her to you—mind you, *if*—I shall be ready to talk to you. Good-morning. Bah!" and the testy but good-natured old gentleman stumped out of the room, leaving me speechless sitting on the edge of a chair with my hat in my hand. All my hopes had been ruthlessly dashed to the ground. I had expected to argue the point with Mr. Clavering, as Bessie, his daughter, had assured me that it would be all right if I only put the matter properly before him. We had mutually agreed that he would be sure to give his consent, and had laid no end of plans for the future, in which every thing but the question of money had been exhaustively considered. The abrupt manner in which this had now been brought up disconcerted me not a little, and I left the room not quite so certain that I did not resemble that generally good-natured but otherwise unreliable quadruped to which Mr. Clavering had likened me in the course of our conversation.

At the door I met Bessie, with an expression of mingled anxiety and curiosity on her countenance.

"Well, Jack, what did papa say?"

"That I was an ass, Bessie!"

"Oh, I hope you did not quarrel. I was afraid there was something wrong, as I heard him ordering deviled kidneys for lunch, and he never does that without he's in a passion."

"Bessie, the old gentleman asked me how we were going to live."

"Well, did you not tell him of a little cottage, with a garden in front, and a piggery, and a kitchen-garden, and a fowl-house, and a little dairy, and—"

"Yes, yes; but that's not what he meant. He wanted to know where the money was to come from to pay for all this."

"Why, you were to provide the money, of course. You were to earn it."

"Certainly; but your father wanted to know how."

"How? Well, you would—there now, you ought to know best, surely. Don't you?"

"No, I don't, Bessie, and I think we ought to have thought of this before."

"Jack, I don't wonder papa got into a passion with you, you're so stupid. I have a great mind to get angry with you myself."

"But, sweetheart, don't you really think we ought to have considered *how* we were going to buy what we wanted?"

"That was your business, not mine; and, Jack, if you look at me like that I'll box your ears."

"No, you won't! I think you're all in a very bad temper this morning."

"Do you? Now I tell you what it is, Mr. Jack. Till you find out *how* we're going to get the money to live on I won't have any thing more to say or do with you at all. Don't come near me now. I don't love you a bit; I never shall, and I never did! And, Jack, when you have found out *how*, you'll come and tell me first, won't you?" And away dashed Bessie, leaving me at the garden gate, to which we had walked during our conversation.

It was a lovely spring morning. All nature seemed in ecstasy at the prospect of approaching summer. I alone was sad. I could not help feeling that I had made a mistake, and that I must have lowered myself considerably in the estimation of old Mr. Clavering by appearing so thoughtless and inconsiderate. True, I was but nineteen, and having lost my father early, had been brought up and educated by my mother alone, and so perhaps had rather less knowledge of the world than I should have acquired had I been sent to a public school or to the university. My position was by no means a bad one. The only son of a distinguished military officer, who was not wealthy, but had left what little he had to his widow during her lifetime. I might be said to have possessed a good education, and what was perhaps better, fair prospects. I had been invited by Mr. Clavering, who was an old military comrade of my father's, to spend a month with him at his residence at Morecombe Bay. During my stay I had learned first to like and then to love his daughter Bessie, and when my visit approached its termination had not only declared my love, but had asked permission to marry, with what result is known. Having been always tolerably well supplied with money, I had never yet been brought face to face with that great educator of humanity—the necessity of earning one's bread—and was, therefore, rather ignorant of some of the principal duties of life than unmindful of them. The bluff common-sense of Bessie's father had compelled me to consider matters from a practical point of view, and I was now perhaps more angry with myself than with any one else. I walked on, but finally resolved to return to the cottage and saddle Moro for a ride. Moro had been my father's charger, and had been left me, with particular instructions as to his care. He was a splendid horse, of jet-black color and enormous strength. By the kindness of my host I had been allowed to bring him with me, and many a pleasant ride had I had on his back with Bessie Clavering.

As I re-entered the pleasant garden attached to the cottage I strove in vain to catch a glimpse of Bessie, and reached the stable without having met any body but the old gardener, who saluted with the usual "How 'ee do, Sur?" I was soon by the side of Moro, who gave a neigh of delight as I entered. It did not take me long to put on his saddle, and as I left the yard I learned from the old groom that Miss Clavering had ridden out alone about a quarter of an hour before me. I was certainly much chagrined at this, and made several mental resolves to be fully revenged as soon as I could get a convenient opportunity. I turned down a lane that led to the bridle-path along the top of the cliffs, and letting the reins fall over Moro's neck, abandoned myself to building castles in the air, in the erection of which Bessie took a very prominent part. The spot was admirably adapted to meditation. To my left a small wood, through the breaks in which glimpses of the rising upland were caught every now and then, straight ahead a broad expanse of purple heather, and to my right the rugged steep cliffs, at the foot of which lay a vast tract of sand, as the sea, owing to the flat shore, retires a distance of nearly four miles; far away in the distance the bright dancing waters, with a sail or two in sight, and over the whole a glorious expanse of blue, across which the light morning air blew a few white scudding clouds.

Some three and a half miles from the shore there extended right along the coast a low sand-bank, which was at once a source of pleasure and danger to the inhabitants and the fishermen. When the tide flowed the sea beat against the bank for some time, till at last, with an angry roar, it surmounted the obstacle and came tearing down the incline like a very avalanche. Many accidents resulting in loss of life had taken place, owing to the ignorance or carelessness of tourists and others, who, lulled into a state of fancied security by the distance of the sea, and unaware of the peculiarities of the place, would wander about on the sands till overtaken by the tide, when they were placed, as it were in an instant, beyond human assistance, and were invariably lost. Danger signals and notices had been put up in every prominent position by the authorities, who were accustomed also at the turning of the tide to fire a signal-gun; but, with all that, the sands were so tempting, and the very breeze that wafted across them so delicious, that a day seldom passed without some party or other, generally mounted, venturing upon them. As I looked down I could see nothing but a solitary speck in the distance, which I soon after made out, through a little pocket-glass I always carried, to be a person on horseback cantering along. I paid no particular attention at the time, and continued my way, gathering up the reins as Moro broke into a gentle trot. I was now on the very edge of the cliffs, where a single false step would at once have precipitated me on to the sands below, and consequently, although Moro was wonderfully sure-footed and well acquainted with the path, I moved along with considerable caution. The beauty of the scene and the exercise soon dispelled the gloominess that had oppressed me, and as my blood began to circulate more quickly my spirits rose, and I commenced to sing right merrily. The path now took a sudden turn by a deep gorge, and as I did not wish to go round it, a distance of nearly a mile, I resolved to put Moro across it; so, patting him gently on the neck, for I never touched him with spur or whip, I called to him; the noble old horse understood me at once, and increased his speed. On we went, the pace getting faster and faster, till, at the gorge, Moro rose with a splendid bound, and alighted safely on the other side. I now got a full view of the sands again, and found that I was considerably nearer the person on horseback below—in fact, that we had been moving toward one another. At that moment Moro suddenly stopped, and tossing his head in the air, gave a loud neigh. Somewhat astonished at this proceeding, I looked more carefully, and perceived by the flutter of the dress that the person on horseback was a lady. I became more interested, and taking out my glass, discovered that it was no other than Bessie, who had been cantering along on the sands on a mare that her father had lately bought her. Moro had no doubt recognized his stable companion. I debated with myself whether I should return, and, by taking a short-cut, meet her on the way home, in order to upbraid her with her misconduct in going out alone. While I was cogitating, Moro uttered a snort of alarm. I looked, and beheld a sight that for the moment took away my breath. From some cause or other Bessie's horse appeared to have taken fright and become unmanageable; all at once it tore away like the wind in the direction of the sea. At the same moment I heard the distant boom of the signal-gun which announced that the tide was just about to turn. The full horror of the situation now flashed across me: unless the mare could be stopped in time, my love would be overtaken by the sea, and lost before my very eyes. A cold chill took possession of me, and for a moment I sat motionless. Bessie's figure was already becoming smaller as she was borne rapidly onward. "Now or never, Moro!" I said, as I rose in the stirrups; and the gallant old horse seemed to understand me, for he impatiently pawed the air with his fore-feet. The next thing was how to get upon the sands. "The gorge! oh, the gorge!" I touched Moro, and in a few seconds we had reached it. It was a frightful declivity, and the descent seemed impossible; yet it was my only chance, and I determined to make the attempt. Carefully, and with the greatest caution, I guided Moro, and after a few moments of agonized suspense gained the sands. I knew I had only one course before me—to pursue the mare, and then attempt to race the tide. "Moro!" I shouted; "Moro! we ride to save my love!" Moro shook himself as if he knew what a tremendous effort was demanded of him, and settled down to his work. By this time Bessie was quite half the distance toward the sea. Would I reach her in time? In order to lighten the weight, I threw away my over-coat, my hat, coat, and waistcoat. I called upon Moro: he seemed to fly. We were gaining upon the mare evidently, but still the awful question rose to my lips, Would it be in time? I could already hear the roar and surge of the waters, and the rising wind warned me that the tide would that morning probably exceed its usual height. My blood was thoroughly up. I determined either to save my love or to perish with her. We were now but half a mile apart. I shouted until I was hoarse, but all to no effect, for the wind was dead in our faces. Moro seemed to participate in my excitement, and strained every nerve to overtake the mare. We were not more than two hundred yards distant from the sand-bank, against which the waves were dashing with unwonted force. Another second and the mare would have passed the bank, be overwhelmed by the raging waters, and all would be lost. I screamed in my agony. I thought I heard a low wail in response. I shut my eyes, as I could not bear to look, but opened them again immediately, as Moro gave a whinny of pleasure. "Ah! what is that?" The mare had stumbled and thrown Bessie, and then plunged wildly, in her terror and fury, into the waves. In an instant I was alongside my love, had dismounted, and was kneeling by her. "Bessie! Bessie! oh, my darling, are you dead? Oh, speak to me! speak to me!" After a few moments, which seemed to me an age of torture, she opened her eyes, and said, faintly, "Jack, my best beloved, save yourself; the tide will be over the bank in a second or two. Give my love to dear papa." Then, exhausted, she fell back in a dead faint. I tore my hair in despair; I raved like a madman. What could I do? At last I became calmer, for a desperate resolve had taken possession of me. Moro should have a double burden, and we would try and outstrip the tide: we would race with death! I soon placed my darling across the saddle, and leaped up behind her just as the first spray came dashing over the bank. I knew not an instant was to be lost. We started for the shore. I patted Moro. I said to him, "Moro, you bore my father through the ranks of death at Balaklava. Oh, save his son!" To add to my agony, I now perceived that a storm was impending. The sky was overcast; heavy drops of rain began to fall; and every now and then a lurid flash lit up the darkling air. We were now but two miles from the shore, and if I could only reach the gorge in time, I knew we were saved. I called again upon Moro. The noble horse for the first time uttered signs of distress. A new terror now seized me—would Moro's strength last? I turned and looked, and through the blinding rain saw, to my horror, that the sea was already breaking over the bank. It would be upon us almost directly. I urged Moro on afresh, but the poor animal appeared unable to increase his speed. Boom! boom! "Ah! what is that? Thank God, we have been observed, and they are hastening to our help!" The signal-gun! "Moro, my Moro, but a few seconds longer—a few seconds longer!" We tore along. Bessie still lay insensible in my arms. The cliffs now rose frowning before us. Another hundred yards and we are saved. "On, Moro, on! I hear the roar of the descending tide." Once more I turned, and as the lightning flashed, saw the waters raging and surging almost at the horse's heels. At that moment Moro staggered. The sea was upon us and over us. I heard a ringing in my ears. I gave one last, one agonized shriek, and remembered no more.

I awoke and found myself in a warm bed, surrounded by compassionate faces. Mr. Clavering came forward. "You must not excite yourself, my boy," he said. "Bessie is well."

"And Moro?" I asked.

"Is well too," he said.

Do you want to know whether I married Bessie? If you do, go to Morecombe Bay, ask for the Hawthornes, and maybe you'll see an old black military charger, almost blind, with two or three curly-headed little urchins on his back, all laughing and clapping their hands as he carries them daintily up and down the path.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

M. Felix Plateau, a young Belgian naturalist, and a son of the celebrated physician, has lately tried some very delicate experiments to measure the muscular strength of insects, as others have done with man and the horse. The strength of the last two is estimated by the aid of a machine called a dynamometer, where the tension of a spring is counterbalanced by an effort exercised for a very short time. A man, it is found, has a power of traction equal to five-sixths of his weight; a horse, only the half or two-thirds of his weight; but this is very small in comparison with the strength of insects, many of which can draw forty times that amount.

The way in which M. Plateau has measured these powers is ingenious. He harnessed the insects by a horizontal thread, which was passed over a light movable pulley; to this was attached a balance loaded with a few grains of sand. To prevent the insect turning aside, he made it walk between two bars of glass on a board covered with muslin, so as to afford a rough surface; exciting it forward, he gradually poured fresh sand into the balance until it refused to advance farther; the sand and the insect were then weighed, and the experiment was repeated three times, in order to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the greatest effort that each could make. The tables which give the results of these trials seem clearly to demonstrate that in the same group of insects the lightest and smallest possess the greatest strength, or that the relative force is in inverse ratio to the weight. This law applies also to the experiments in flying and pushing, as well as to drawing.

The strongest insects appear to be those so familiar to the naturalist, which live on lilies and roses, such as the *Crioceres* and *Trichies*. These little beings can draw a weight about forty times superior to their own, and one, an athlete of the tribe, drew sixty-seven times its own weight. A small beetle of the tribe *anomale* has executed the same feat. Another more remarkable fact is related of a horn-beetle, which held between its mandibles, alternately raising and lowering its head and breast, a rod thirty centimeters long, weighing four hundred grammes; its own weight was but two grammes. At the side of this insect, what are the acrobats who can carry a table between their teeth! Such examples show to what an extent insects are superior to the larger animals in the strength of their muscles. Dry and nervous, they can, in proportion to themselves, move mountains. In addition to this, they are ingenious: when an obstacle does not yield to them, they know how to turn it aside. One day, in a garden, a small wasp was trying to raise a caterpillar which it had just killed. The caterpillar was at least five or six times heavier than its conqueror, which could not gain its end. Six times successively, weary of the war, and despairing of success, it abandoned its prey, and sadly placed itself at some distance. At last a bright idea saved it from its embarrassment: it returned, placed itself across the caterpillar, as if on horseback; with its two middle feet it embraced the body of its victim, raised it against its breast, and managed to walk on the four feet which were at liberty; thus it soon crossed a walk six feet wide.

Investigations have been made regarding the jumping insects of the order *Orthoptera*—the weight which crickets and grasshoppers can raise when jumping. To prevent them using their wings, M. Plateau tied them and the elytra, or outer sheaths, with a thread. The burden was a ball of wax ballasted with morsels of lead, which was hung to a thread tied round the thorax; lead was gradually added to the wax until the insect could only raise itself an inch from the ground. The ball and the insect were afterward weighed, the latter having been made insensible by the fumes of ether. Crickets of the larger kind raised one and a half times their own weight; the smaller ones three or four times their weight. The grasshopper differs from the cricket in having longer and thinner legs; the green variety, weighing about two and a half grammes, can only raise a weight equal to its own, confirming the law that the muscular force of insects increases as their size diminishes. When allowed to jump freely, crickets describe a curve in the air similar to all projectiles. It is curious that the amplitude of the spring is the same for the large and smaller kinds alike. This result was foreseen by the celebrated naturalist, Strauss-Durckheim. In his work on *The Comparative Anatomy of Articulated Animals* he establishes the point that two animals of similar form but of different dimensions will jump the same height above the point where lies their centre of gravity at the moment when they quit the soil. He takes as an example the cat and the tiger, and adds that the same conclusion is applicable to crickets and grasshoppers.

The experiments in the way of flying lead to the conclusion that insects employ much less muscular force in that way than in drawing or pushing; perhaps it is that, unlike birds, they are not intended to carry large weights through the air. A ball of soft wax of a weight little superior to what the insect might be expected to bear was fastened round its body, and it was tried as to whether it could support this in the air: if it fell, the size was diminished. Among various insects belonging to the five orders of *Coleoptera* (beetles) it was found that they could raise from one-sixth to double their own weight; the common fly could manage triple that amount. Yet the flight of insects is so marvelously rapid that some can distance the swallows that pursue them, and certain kinds of flies are said to be able to pass a race-horse or a locomotive going at full speed.

If we inquire why the smaller species are the stronger, the answer may be that their way of life necessitates it. Thus the hardness of the soil is the same to all the burrowers; the grains of sand which the larger can easily displace are rocks to the smaller ones; and comparing them with animals, the mole and the rabbit require much less strength to force a passage than the ant. The prodigious leaps of the cricket, the locust, and the grasshopper, would, in the same proportion, make a lion spring over half a mile. Not less surprising is the power of destruction in certain classes: the termites have undermined whole towns, which are now suspended over catacombs; such is the case with Valencia, in New Granada; La Rochelle is menaced by the same fate. The larvæ of the sirex pierce through balls of lead with their mandibles. During the Crimean war packets of cartouches were found the conical balls of which were perforated in various parts. The little African ant can raise mounds of clay five yards high, and of such solidity that the wild cattle stand on them to explore the horizon. Such edifices are thousands of times larger than their architects, while the Pyramid of Cheops is but ninety times the height of man.